

APRIL 19, 1941



Liberty 5¢



**WHICH TEAMS WILL WIN THIS YEAR'S PENNANTS?
THE UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE**

1941 Document About Life Beyond the Grave, by Stewart Edward White



**Danny doesn't
call here any more
since we changed
to silence!**



1 We were plenty sore when Danny handed us his last bill. "So you call yourself a refrigerator repair man," we stormed. "Why in Sam Hill can't you fix ours once and for all?"

"Sorry, Mr. Barnes," says Danny apologetically. "Machinery is machinery. When it wears, it wears. I can't do nothing about *that*!"



2 The answer to our prayer! We could have yipped for joy when we saw *that* poster. "Stays silent," it read. "Lasts longer. Because no moving parts to wear."

And in less time than it takes to say "Servel" we were hot-footing it to the nearest gas company showroom.



3 Today, families with experience are changing to Servel by thousands.

And it's not surprising. Survey after survey shows that "Servel is the *only* refrigerator that has all those big advantages people want most . . . permanent silence, lasting dependability, continued low operating cost . . . plus modern beauty, modern features."

If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel—If you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference

4 "Scram, Danny—no machinery here!" we joshed when he stopped by to see how we liked our new Servel. "Honest," he asks, "is it everything people say it is?"

"You bet!" we tell him. "I've been thinking," Danny says, "with all the people I know with refrigerators that need fixing, maybe I'd make more selling Servels!"

Stays silent...lasts longer

SERVEL
ELECTROLUX
Gas
REFRIGERATOR

**It freezes with
NO MOVING PARTS!**



For farm and country homes—models run on
BOTTLED GAS—TANK GAS—KEROSENE

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind., or
Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King Street W., Toronto, Ont.

Do you see Bobby, aged 7?
No, I see Robert, aged thirty-one.

Is he on his way to Success?

Yes. He's a rising Lawyer with a Grand Personality.

And his Smile is Bright and Winning—thanks
largely to his Faithful, Everyday use of Ipana and Massage.



Let Ipana and Massage help make your smile more sparkling
...by aiding you to have healthier gums as well as brighter teeth.

Q. Why are children apt to have brighter teeth and firmer gums than their parents?

A. Because nowadays many children are taught in their classrooms a significant dental lesson that many parents still have to learn... the great importance of gum massage to bright, sparkling teeth.

Q. What happens if gums are neglected?

A. Neglected gums tend to become weak and tender... for today's soft foods deny them the exercise they need for health. And, often gums signal their weakness with that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. Does "pink tooth brush" indicate serious trouble ahead for you?

A. That is for your dentist to decide. He may merely say that your gums need stimu-

lation and work. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Q. How often should gums be massaged?

A. Faithfully, every day. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed to do more than clean teeth to brilliant, natural lustre. With massage, this unique dentifrice aids the gums to better health. That is why this sensible dental habit of Ipana and massage is a great aid not only in helping you to have firmer gums and brighter teeth... but also in protecting you against "pink tooth brush."



Ipana Tooth Paste

O. J. ELDER
PUBLISHERFULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEFWALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

OUR MOST DEADLY ENEMY

THE most dangerous enemy to our democracy today is the American citizen who has lost his nerve. Such a man would be shocked if any one were to call him a subversive agent. He considers himself a good American. Yet the light of his faith has already gone out. He gives lip service to democracy while his soul is craven with doubt and denial. He tells himself that things cannot go on as they are. Some kind of radical change is bound to come. He secretly expects a dictatorship. In fact, if he admitted the truth to himself, he would welcome totalitarianism. Tired of the responsibilities of democratic citizenship, he foolishly believes that a powerful and despotic government would relieve him of all doubts and worries and give him peace of mind. He is appalled at the slow processes of democratic government. He admires the efficiency of the totalitarians. At heart he is convinced that Mussolini and Hitler are right, and that democracy is a corpse. He is the forerunner of that very Communism which he denounces.

God save us from such men, for they are dangerous. They are more dangerous than all the hired propagandists of foreign governments, more deadly than military spies and saboteurs.

We hear a great deal today about the other enemies within our gates, but the danger from them grows less every day. The technique of the Trojan horse has been vigorously exposed. Saboteurs and destructionists have been racing to cover ever since the work of running them down has been put into the hands of J. Edgar Hoover and his associates of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. Plants filling priority orders for defense are being immunized against sabotage. If the Congress will grant more money and a larger staff to the F. B. I., the back of sabotage will be broken in the United States.

But there still remains the greatest of all threats to our security—the fifth columnist who does not know that he is a fifth columnist—the American who doubts America. Such a man is a defeatist and so becomes in himself a challenge to every true American. There is for us now the patriotic task to stand forth firmly and valiantly and proclaim the faith of our fathers; to speak it clearly on all occasions; to contradict all denials of our way of life, our precious and most glorious free way of life. There was a time not so long ago when it was fashionable among self-styled intellectuals to make mock of patriotism. Any forthright avowal of love of country was considered a vulgar display of emotion. It was an insult to call a man a 100-per-cent American. That time has gone by.

There are certain things that we Americans know now, if we never knew them before. We know that we are free people; that we are not the slaves of the state but its masters. That is the essential difference between two opposing concepts of life, between totalitarianism and democracy. Let no one tell you the war that rages everywhere in the world is merely a struggle of basic economic forces. Far more than that, it is a head-on clash of two profoundly and violently different ideas; in essence a religious war, between power and decency, force and freedom—light and darkness.

In such a war there can be no appeasement of the one toward the other. Nor can there be compromise. That is why it is important for every American to hold fast to his faith. In that faith we must never falter. In the presence of that living faith, let no man say that we must change our precious way of life and still call himself an American. Does he say that democracy has failed? What he means is that he has failed democracy. That is why he is our most dangerous enemy.

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In every **FOOT** of this tread there's



19 FEET OF GRIP

to stop you quicker!

You get real security in this new longer-wearing first-line "G-3" ALL-WEATHER—and it costs you less per mile than ever before

IF you want really safe tires at low cost, take a good look at this new 1941 first-line Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather.

In face of advancing raw material costs, its price is still down at last year's level—but it is improved in tread and carcass to give you more miles of safety.

How much longer-wearing it is you can judge from this fact: on the same cars, on the same roads, this new "G-3" quality construction averaged more than 20% longer tread wear than other popular first-line tires we've tested against it!

Plus a 19 to 1 safety factor

You get greater safety, too, in this massive longer-wearing tread. Note how its deep-cut diamonds slant ACROSS from shoulder to shoulder—how their sharp edges FACE in all directions to resist skids at any angle.

If you measure all the "G-3's" non-skid edges you'll find they add up to nineteen feet of road-holding grip in every foot of tread—nineteen feet of safety packed



WORLD STANDARD OF TIRE VALUE

ALL-WEATHER TREAD—proved safest for more than a quarter of a century.

LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE—from tougher thick flat tread.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—deep non-skid grip.

NO SLIP ON CURVES—heavy shoulder blocks

resist sliding sideways.

FORTIFIED TREAD—new improved rubber compound.

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION—from higher-tensile Supertwist cord in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE—primed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.

into every foot of tread circumference.

No other tread gives you this all-round protection against both forward slides and sideways skids. It's a safety advantage you can't afford to be without. Nor need you.

A new low cost per mile

At today's low price, this safer,

All-Weather, Supertwist—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

longer-wearing first-line "G-3" All-Weather costs you less per mile than ever before!

It's one more example of what millions have learned from long experience—"You get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"

P.S. New tubes save tires

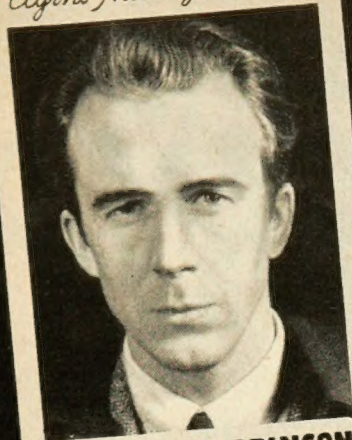
THE GREATEST NAME

IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

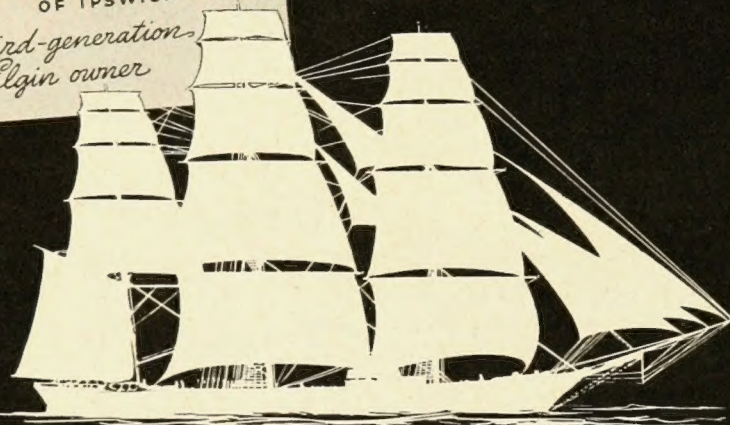
Elgin's Hall of Fame



WILLIAM A. ROBINSON
OF IPSWICH

*Third-generation
Elgin owner*

He rediscovered the secrets of the famous *Clipper Ships!*



"Five times around the world I've voyaged with an Elgin," says skipper and clipper-ship builder William Albert Robinson. "And I've used it often for navigation," he adds. "Elgins have been a tradition with us since grandfather's day. My present watch—a handsome Elgin De Luxe—is the tenth Elgin in our family."

What gave early clippers like the "Swift" such stamina . . . speed? To find out, "Robbie" Robinson dug up old plans . . . carved teakwood . . . stitched canvas. And today a new "Swift" sails the seven seas.

Thus a great American tradition is revived. And traditions are important to a Robinson whose family have owned Elgins since the '60's.

Debutante or "deep water" sailor, you'll acclaim the new Elgin De Luxe watches. Each has Elgin's latest advances: the Elginium hair-spring* and Beryl-X balance. Both are rust-proof, non-magnetic.

Unlike many other watches, Elgins are not foreign made, or assembled from foreign parts. All parts are designed and created right in the Elgin factory. Elgin produces the world's largest-selling fine watches made in America!

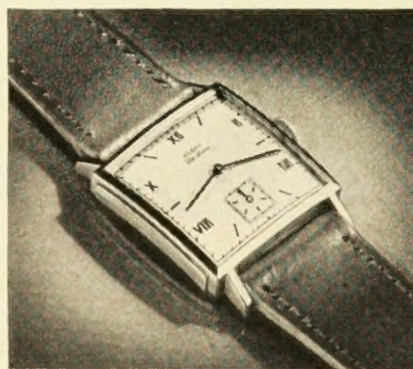
See the Elgin De Luxe models. None has fewer than 17 jewels . . . cases are gold or gold-filled. \$35.00 and up. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Patents Nos. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

ELGIN DeLuxe

17 JEWELS

Worthy companions to the distinguished 21-jewel Lord Elgins and 19-jewel Lady Elgins.



Rugged square shape. 10K natural gold-filled. 17 jewels. No. 5705G. \$37.50



Dainty bracelet model, 10K gold-filled. 17 jewels. No. 5004B. \$39.75



A MAN ONLY HALF DIES

From Mrs. Roosevelt's My Day:

I have just read two different things, both of which I want to mention. One of them is a short story in Liberty called A Man Only Half Dies, by Clark McMeekin with George Madden Martin. If you have not read it, I think you will find it worth the few minutes it takes because of the lesson it teaches, that sacrifice and love are not the prerogatives of any one race. . . .

(Copyright, 1941, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

BETHEL, CONN.—I want to thank you for publishing the story A Man Only Half Dies (March 1 Liberty).

This black hero has touched the heart of what we call freedom. It can only live and grow by being passed on. You may even have to sell yourself as this man does, a sacrifice greater than death. I am inclined to believe that discharging our personal responsibility for the future of our modicum of liberty always means sacrifice.

Too many of us feel that it is a personal right which we can use as we please.

We forget that it was bought by sacrifice and that only by sacrifice will it continue to grow in the world.—*Ida M. Tarbell.*

[Under the title A Nobler Character than Uncle Tom, the Louisville Courier-Journal said in an editorial:

Truth frequently is stranger than fiction, but seldom is it so fascinating in all its authentic details as it appears in A Man Only Half Dies, on which that talented Louisville trio George Madden Martin, Mrs. Edward A. Clark, and Mrs. Sam McMeekin collaborated in last week's Liberty.

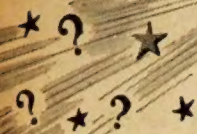
Seldom indeed is an episode "23 minutes 20 seconds reading time" so packed with historical lore. The authors were extravagant with their material; they might have written a volume.

Proof of literary excellence is in the reading; but theme and setting transcend style in importance. This incident really happened at Lexington in 1822. A free Negro married a slave and freely offered his own body in bondage to emancipate his child.

Here, perhaps, is a better Uncle Tom. There is a servility about Harriet Beecher Stowe's loyal, pious creation as offensive to the modern Negro as the propagandizing novel was to the Old South. Took is a character of heroic proportions in whom natural affection evoked a quality that would ennoble a member of any race.]

WOMAN'S NATIONAL GUARD

SOLON, IA.—Shall We Have a Woman's National Guard? (March 8 Liberty) expresses what I think. When women want the right to vote, hold positions that men could hold, and want to be equal to men in every phase of life, why shouldn't they be equal to men in time of war and be soldiers too and fight just as well as men?—*Florence Kucera.*



FOOD QUIZ QUIDDITY

TAUNTON, MASS.—Fougnier in his Food Quiz (March 8 Liberty) states that the only *real* caviar is supplied by the sturgeon.

But why be so doggone final about it? Is it possible that your food expert has never heard about the *real* daddy of all caviars—the eggs of a Mexican fly?—*N. S. Merrill.*

[Mr. Merrill gives us on the side a definition from the People's Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge:

"AXAYACAT—A Mexican fly, the eggs of which, deposited abundantly on rushes and flags, are collected and sold as a species of *caviar*. The use of these as an article of food was learned by the Spanish settlers from their predecessors, the native Indian Mexicans, who called the dish 'ahuauhtli.'"]



OLD SARGE'S BANG-UP JOB

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Just wanted to tell you that, in my opinion, Old Sarge is doing a bang-up job with his page This Man's Army. I wish every prospective selectee of the Selective Service System could read these jabs by "rookies" and the Old Sarge's comebacks.

They are a liberal education as well as intensely interesting—also good publicity for the draft.—*P. B. Wilkes, Jr., Clerk, Mecklenburg County Local Board No. 3.*

MYSTERY OF TEXAS SIFTINGS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Do any readers recall a "tabloid" weekly of fifty years ago which was published in New York but rejoiced in the name of Texas Siftings?

Its sixteen pages were filled with cartoons, jokes, and comments of incredible dullness.

I ask because of a mystery. For weeks some one has been mailing me fifty-year-old copies which look as fresh as though they had just come off the press. And I receive Texas Siftings on the proper dates in 1941 just as I might have in 1891.

I have no clue to the identity of the

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Helen Hokinson



Hettie: Why, Horace! Congratulations! We hear you're engaged!

Penelope: He doesn't seem very *happy* about it!



Penelope: Hettie, a little job for us. He hasn't any "pep appeal!" We'll take him in charge and teach him his vitamins.

Hettie: You poor boy! What *have* you been eating? You just *can't* have "pep appeal" unless you eat right—unless you get all your *vitamins*. You come with us.



Hettie: Yessir, you'll start right with that delicious cereal — appropriately called KELLLOGG'S PEP. For it's extra rich in *two* of the most important vitamins, B₁ and D.

Horace: Saay! I didn't know PEP *tastes* so delicious.



Horace: Thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLLOGG'S PEP. I'm taking your advice and having PEP for breakfast every morning!

Penelope: You know what they say—"Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

The shirt that leads a double life: Arrow DOUBLER



1. Regular Shirts Never look right as sports shirts and vice versa. We saw no reason why a shirt couldn't be convertible. So we invented the ingenious *Arrow Doubler*, perfectly smart *with* a tie, perfectly handsome as a sports shirt without a tie.



2. Some of Doubler's Innovations: a special, long-point collar . . . a simplified neckband to keep the folded-down collar smooth . . . the second button set low to permit a wide flare . . . a disappearing top button . . . no seam down the front.



3. Doubler is made in oxford-cloth (Sanforized-Shrunk, less than 1% shrinkage) and other summer fabrics. Whites, colors, and patterns. It has Arrow's famed "Mitoga" figure-fit . . . two buttonable pockets. Get Doubler at your Arrow dealer's. \$2, up.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

mysterious sender or why I am the recipient of the paper. I'd like to believe that an ectoplasmic publisher is running a ghostly weekly, but the paper itself is certainly real and so (I hope) is this honorary subscriber. I'll tell you if the mystery is ever solved. —*Rickey Kipps.*

DEATH WAITS FOR A LADY

WALNUT GROVE, MINN.—Give us more stories that are as interesting and entertaining as *Death Waits for a Lady*.

Also, more illustrations by the artist who drew for that story. They were superb!—*Marie Larsen.*

MAHATMA GANDHI'S SERMON

BUTTE FALLS, ORE.—May I express my deep interest and appreciation concerning *What Jesus Means to Me*, by Mahatma Gandhi (February 8 *Liberty*).

To me, that is as fine a sermon as I have ever heard from any minister of the Christian faith. I heartily endorse every word of it, and believe if we accepted his view and earnestly lived up to it, this would be a finer, happier world in which to live.

May we have more of that sort of information?—*Ernest W. Smith.*

TEN TEETH AND TWO MEN OUT

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.—A hillbilly friend asks that the following problem be solved for him. The facts are as follows:

My friend Mr. Hillbilly had ten teeth extracted, and after finishing the job the dentist, not feeling very well, asked the patient to excuse him while he (the dentist) rested on a near-by divan.

The patient, suffering with the usual symptoms of a fellow who has just had ten teeth removed, sat quietly a few moments, and then, turning to the doc, said:

"Hey, doc, for Pete's sake, move over and let me lay down with you, for



I'm hurting a durn sight worse than you are."

The doc refused to do so, and thereby hangs a prospective lawsuit, as my hillbilly friend insists (to use his own language) that he should bring a "suit case" against the doctor, but is racking his brains on what charge he ought to make.

Any suggestion, Vox Poppers?—*Carter, the Pill Roller.*

INWOOD, W. VA.—Science has merely made a beginning in the study of vitamins and their relation to the elements in our food. Medical science has found recently that the best treatment for cholera infantum is a diet of apple pulp either raw or cooked. Surely, if this apple pulp is soothing and healing to the digestive system of a suffering infant, it will be beneficial to the digestive system of adults as well.

Just before each meal eat two apples weighing 4 ounces or more each. Be sure to eat the peel too. Then finish your meal with the kind and quantity of food that your appetite desires. Then check your weight.

A black and white illustration of a woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a light-colored dress with a dark collar. She is seated at a table, looking towards the viewer with a slight smile. Her hands are clasped together in front of her. On the table, there is a glass of water with a lemon slice, a plate with a small dish of food, and a plate with a slice of pie or cake.

ELWOOD, N. J.—

I'm a lazy person. I never hurry.
My favorite motto is this: "Why
worry?"

So I see no reason and find no rhyme
In Liberty having a "reading time."
Nothing I find but annoyance in it—
This idea of reading by second and
minute.

Relaxed in comfort, I start a story
Deep in the plot of a tale that is gory,
While up at the top that line smirks and
beckons,
"Step on it, sister, 4 minutes 2 seconds."

I won't chase a bus nor run for a
trolley;
If a train doesn't wait, it can leave me,
by golly.
For Liberty gladly I'll shell out a dime
If you'll skip that pestiferous cap,
"Reading Time."

—Elizabeth M. Coffee.

JEFFERSON BUILT BOTH, SIR!

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.—Reviewing Virginia, Beverly Hills mentions a house built by Thomas Jefferson, named Monticola (February 22 Liberty).

This may be the name used in the movie; if not, I rise to a point of order. Thomas Jefferson would turn over in his grave if he learned that his beloved home, Monticello, now a national shrine, visited by thousands of tourists annually, were so violated.—*John Wood.*

**Get your aviation training
now . . . as a U. S. Army
Flying Cadet**

**Get your aviation training
now . . . as a U. S. Army
Flying Cadet**

★ ★ ★

★ **H**E'LL take off in a minute, cir-
★ ccling high above the "West Point
★ of the Air," then straightening out
★ in a bee-line for the objective
marked on his flight chart.

★ He knows where he's going.
★ Ahead of him is the whole broad
★ field of aviation—a future packed
★ with opportunity.

★ Today the U. S. Army's pro-
★ gram of pilot training offers you
★ the world's finest preparation for
★ a civilian or military career in the
air, and pays you as you learn.

★ As a Flying Cadet you will
★ receive \$75 a month, plus uni-
★ forms, equipment, medical and
dental attention, board and lodg-
ing. Upon graduation you will

be commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Reserve, and placed on active duty with the Regular Army Air Corps with pay ranging from \$205.50 to \$245.50 a month.

Here are the requirements: You must be not less than 20 and not more than 26 years of age, unmarried, sound physically. You must have completed two years of college or pass a written examination covering equivalent work. Apply immediately.

U. S. A R M Y
RECRUITING SERVICE

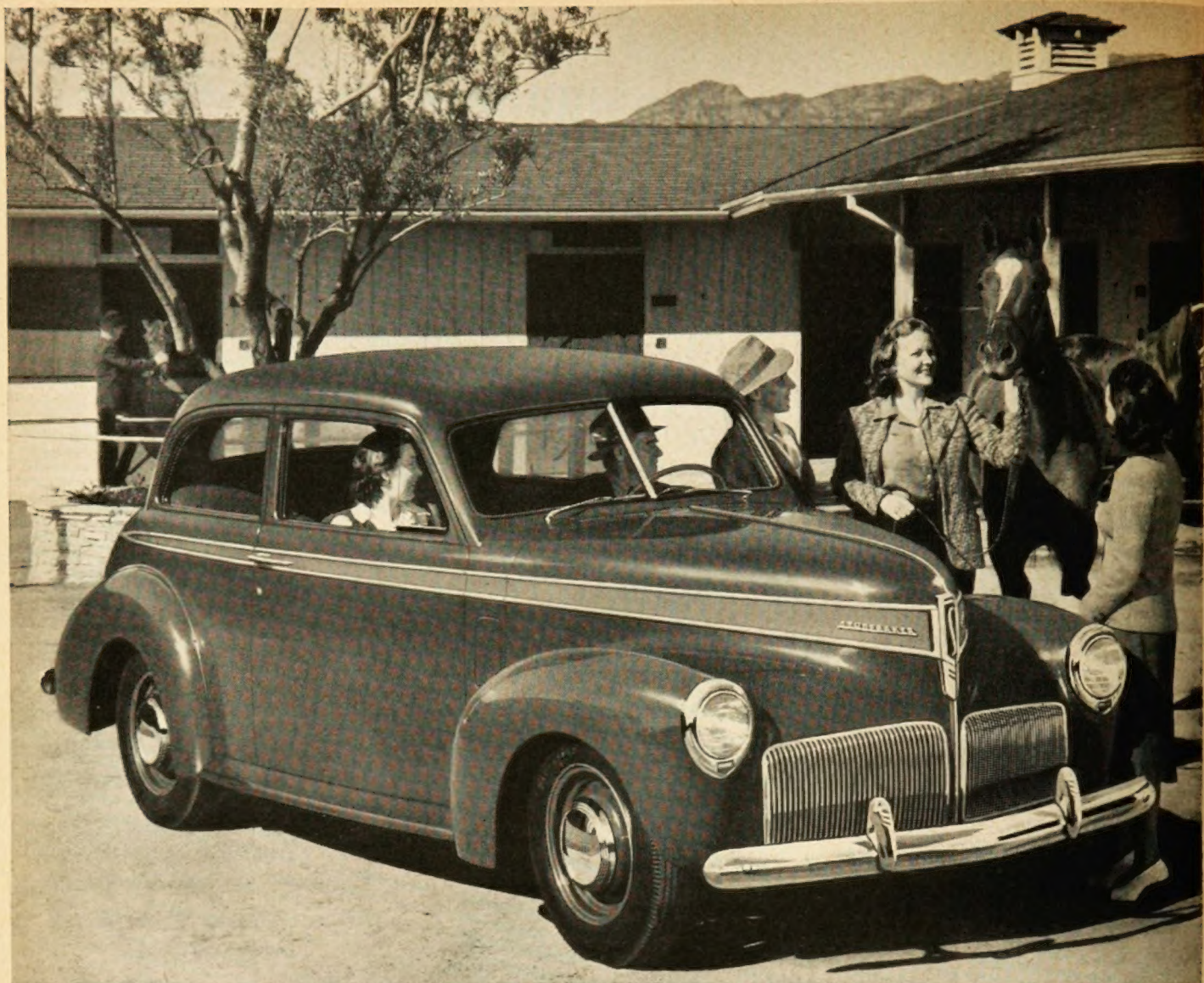
ENLISTMENTS ARE OPEN FOR THE AIR CORPS AND ALSO FOR ALL BRANCHES OF THE REGULAR ARMY

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area.....	Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area.....	Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area.....	Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area.....	Atlanta, Ga.

Fifth Corps Area... Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area..... Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area..... Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area..... Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to:
Enlisted Division E-3, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.



Illustrated above: 1941 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan \$740, delivered at factory—contrasting color belt at slight extra cost

Here's a lot of car for very little money

Studebaker

HIGHEST QUALITY CAR IN THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD!

IT'S hard to believe that this big, broad-shouldered, handsome Studebaker Champion is one of the lowest price cars in America. But it literally and definitely is!

What's more, you save money every mile you drive—on gas, oil, tires, repairs!

Packed with quality features

You get 37 costly-car features in this low-cost Studebaker Champion—including such exclusives as self-stabilizing planar wheel suspension and shock-proof multi-ratio steering.

And, best of all, you get matchless Studebaker quality and craftsmanship.

Drive it 10 thrilling miles

See for yourself how solid and sound this Studebaker Champion is—how brilliantly it performs. Get behind the wheel and go—that's the only way to get the proof.

See your local Studebaker dealer now. Use your present car as part payment on this car that puts you out in front in style and money-saving. Easy C.I.T. budget plan terms.



CHAMPION . . . \$695 and up
COMMANDER . . . \$985 and up
PRESIDENT . . . \$1115 and up

These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Ind., as of Mar. 15, 1941—subject to change without notice—Federal tax included

The UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE

Does death end all?—Here is the
most thrilling answer ever given



"And was I disappointed
when the truck got away
from me down an elevator!"

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE EPISODE OF THE
RED CHINESE CHEST

A 1941 DOCUMENT ABOUT LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ONE Thursday evening Joan returned from a trip to the city very much vexed with herself. I was visiting Darby and her over a long week-end, and so was present to hear her plaint.

"Listen," said she. "I went to town this morning with a careful list of errands to do. The first one was at a shop over on Fifth Avenue; and to get there you take an Avenue bus from the Hudson Tube, near the Penn Station—right to the door."

"Well?" said we.

"I found myself on a *cross-town bus*," wailed Joan disgustedly. "I went to the end of the cross-town line—I thought I might as well—prepared to walk the five blocks to my shop. At the end of the line there's a big department store. I almost *never* stop there—I hadn't been there for years. But I thought I'd walk through it. I'd hardly got inside when I caught sight of a red box being trundled off on a floor truck along with a load of other stuff. No reason why I should be

interested in red boxes, but I just *had* to chase after that one. And was I disappointed when the truck got away from me down an elevator! I hunted up a floorman, and he told me the box must have been one of the Chinese chests they had been having a special sale on. They were covered with pigskin and painted with various designs and colors. I went and bought one. But I have camphorwood chests. And"—her voice rose in emphasis—"in all this house there's not a place where I

could put another camphorwood chest—or any other piece of furniture, for that matter—without everybody's falling over it.

"None of the chests was red. The one I bought was yellow. And that red color—the color of the first one I saw, on the truck—somehow I couldn't get that particular shade of red out of my mind. No, said the salesman, the merchandise on the truck was all sold goods. No, there were no more red ones. I insisted they must have a reserve. I kept at them. And there was a red one. I bought *two* of the dratted things! I can't *imagine* what got into me!"

ABOUT six months before this—on April 5, 1939, in a little foothill town of California—my wife Betty had died. And immediately I had gone out of the house to face the overhanging mountains and my own emotional and intellectual conflict.

Some twenty years of exploring with Betty beyond the known frontiers of present consciousness had lifted from me most of the conventional ideas as to death. I had come to have no faintest feeling of it as final and irrevocable separation. Nevertheless I found on April 5, 1939, that the even greater number of years—thirty-five of them—spent with her close companionship in exploring the odd and wild corners of this our earth had sharpened rather than dulled my sense of the immediate separation. We had been more closely knit together than most. Now it seemed to me that my part of our greatest adventuring—that in the Unknown—had calamitously ended. For I honestly believed it impossible for me to carry it forward alone.

You see, in addition to our other and richly abundant activities, Betty and I, since March 17, 1919, had been exploring that unseen land of mystery from which, it used to be said, "no traveler returns." Betty had visited that land, and had returned, many times.

Communication with the Invisibles, disincarnate earth entities, had been of daily occurrence in Betty's and my home. I had taken down in my own brand of "shorthand," and then typed for record purposes, over two thousand single-spaced pages of teachings so received. From these I had written four books acclaiming the intellectual reasonableness of the continuity of life—the going forward of the individual *I-Am* after natural death.

And then, very soon after the last proofs of the fourth book had received the author's corrections, Betty died. What happened out on the hillside that April night I have told elsewhere. While *Across the Unknown* was actually in press I added one short chapter entitled *I Bear Witness*. I repeat a portion of it here because I can tell it no better:

"You know the cozy, intimate feeling of companionship you get sometimes when you are in the same room; perhaps each reading a book;

not speaking; not even looking at one another. It is tenuous, an evanescent thing—one that we too often fail to savor and appreciate. Sometimes, in fact, it takes an evening or two of empty solitude to make us realize how substantial and important it really is.

"Then, on the other hand, you know how you draw closer by means of things you do together. And still more through talk and such mental interchanges. And most of all, perhaps, in the various physical relationships of love and marriage.

"Now when you stop to think of it, all these latter material contacts, right through the whole of life, are at root and in essence aimed at really just one thing: that rare inner feeling of companionship suggested feebly in the sitting-by-the-fire idea. That is what we *really* are groping for in all friendly and loving human relations.

"Well, within a very few minutes that companionship flooded through my whole being from Betty, but in an intensity and purity of which I had previously had no conception. And I realized that it was the thing that all our physical activities together had striven for. It was doing perfectly what all these other things had only groped for.

"No despair; no devastation; just a deeper happiness than I have experienced with her ever before, save in the brief moments when everything harmonized in fulfillment.

"And furthermore it has lasted, and is with me always."

Now, more than a year later, I can in all honesty repeat: "It has lasted, and is with me always." That presence has continued, not all the time, but normally so. I go into a room; she may or may not be there. I stroll about her garden; she may or may not walk with me. But many times throughout each twenty-four-hour day she *is* there, her vivid personality enveloping me, and not only me but even strangers visiting in the house.

Betty is still living. This I know. Not as I live, but with me in "the one and only universe." She has given me a thousand proofs of it. And through another psychic—Joan of the Chinese boxes—a whole new concept of possibly scientific thought, including a unique terminology.

Betty calls it a "divulgence." The few physicists or metaphysicians to whom I have submitted various portions are all agreed, with normally professional reservations, that it is "important."

"I don't care how or where you get it," said one. "This is definitely a step forward—a system of anticipatory thought. At the very least, it will give us laboratory fellows new premises to work from and new hypotheses to work toward."

Perhaps. Betty called it only a divulgence.

Divulgence of what? Of the Unobstructed Universe where Betty went after her body died, and concerning which, its ways and means,

Joan works blindfolded from a state of trance, into which she enters at Darby's signal.



methods, laws, habits, work, triumphs, failures—indeed its very *place*—she, through Joan, has since reported back to me.

THE Joan of the episode of the Chinese boxes was the Joan of Our Unseen Guest. The authors had elected to call themselves Darby and Joan—and still so choose to conceal themselves. Twenty years ago they were, and still are, both professional people. I suppose not a score of persons are aware that Joan possesses her special talent. Only a privileged few realize that she is one of the



greatest psychics, if not the greatest, in the world today.

Joan works blindfolded from a state of trance, into which she enters instantly and completely at the signal of Darby's touch on her wrist. However, she is not "unconscious" in the sense of helplessness or immobility; she is not "asleep." At times she even moves about or does things apparently required of her. Invisible entities talk through her, and then her own personality is completely absent; but on occasion she reports in her own right what is shown her or told her. On returning to her normal

state she never has the slightest recollection of anything that has been done or said, and she has no sense whatever of the passage of time.

In all this business of alleged communication across the border, the question of identification has always been the focus both of investigation and of opposition. When a man calls you up on the telephone, saying he is John Smith and the matter is important, you want him first of all to prove to you that he is who he says he is. The best way he can do it is to tell you something that only you and he know. That, transferred to

psychical research, is what is called evidential material, or simply "evidential."

Betty began talking to me quietly, fluently, with assured and intimate knowledge of our common experience and living.

She mentioned not one but dozens of small events out of our past, of trivial facts in our mutual experience or surroundings, none of which could by any possibility be within Joan's knowledge. Many of them, indeed, were gone from my own memory until Betty recalled them to me. And all of them—*except just one*—clean-cut, airtight, without need of interpretation.

There were three other incidents of "evidential" which *did* get recorded. And that brings us back to Joan's purchase of the two Chinese boxes she did not want.

"Well!" Betty began, with a chuckle.¹ "I did have a terrible time in town! No, not a terrible time—I had a lot of fun—but I had to work hard to get Joan to take the wrong bus so she would go to that store and see the truck with the gadget on it. I saw one in Chinatown² once, but it cost seventy-five dollars, and this one was so cheap. You'll have to lend me the money for it, Stewt. I wanted something that Millicent³ had had in mind for a long time; and I wanted it for the color and the birds; but Joan bought the wrong one, so I had to make her buy another. Tell Mill *it is for the color and the birds*. When we were little girls we used to be fond of watching certain birds.

"Tell Mill she will find the red one just as useful, to keep her furs in, as I found the tricky little leather dressing case that she gave me. Ask Joan if she will please give you four small gliders to put on the bottom. She has them in a small drawer. I think Joan is going to insist on— No, she isn't. [Paying for them, perhaps?] The yellow one is to go back. The store got them from a Chinese ship in port, and bought the whole cargo, and that is why they were cheap. I wanted the *birds* for Mill; there were others with flowers, but I wanted the *birds*."

We verified the statement as to the reason for these boxes being on special sale. This fact, however, was already known to Joan. The reference to the furs might have significance in that I had recently given Millicent Betty's furs: a fact that was not known to Joan. The promise of the gliders we investigated at once. "In a small drawer" in the kitchen we turned up six of them. Two were large and four were "small." But of course Joan's subconscious might have had recollection of them.

All interesting, but not conclusive. So at the earliest opportunity I went to see Millicent.

"Mill," said I, "what's your favorite color?"

"Well," she laughed, "you know

¹It may be as well to state here that all speeches quoted from any Invisible are verbatim unless otherwise stated.

²In San Francisco.

³Betty's sister, who lives in a New York suburb.

I'm part Spanish, so I'll have to confess it's red."

"Any particular shade?"

She had a small box of Chinese lacquer, and instanced that shade. So far, exceedingly good.

"Have you had particularly in mind wanting anything like a Chinese camphorwood chest?"

"Yes," replied Millicent promptly. "When I was on the Coast with you in 1936, Betty and I saw one in Chinatown. I was crazy about it, but it was much too expensive. But later I thought it over, and I wrote her asking where I could get one—I must have written three or four times, but she never answered my question."

"Well, she's got it for you now," said I. "And she said, 'Tell Mill it is for the color and the birds.'"

Millicent stared at me, for a moment unable to speak.

"Every spring," she told me at last, "every spring Betty and I used to climb up in the trees on our place, and sit very quiet for hours and hours to watch the birds build their nests! Why, I think that's wonderful!"

I agreed. "Now, there's just one other point," said I. "How about the leather dressing case? Did you ever give her one that could be described as 'tricky'?"

"You must have seen it," was her reply. "It had a sort of double top, so you could get at the mirror and toilet articles without opening the suitcase part."

"Of course I've seen it," said I. "But I did not know you gave it to her."

After I returned to the city, Millicent telephoned me. "Did you notice what *kind* of birds they are—painted on the chest? They are *swallows*! It was swallows we used to watch building their nests. That's why we climbed the trees—to get level with the eaves!"

MY very dear," Betty began one evening as if dictating a letter, "naturally what I have to say is directed first to you. But any truth that is of comfort and surety to one man may be of comfort and surety to other men. Not that all can share your present experience—this sitting down, here in this pleasant room, and listening to my thoughts framed in my own words, though relayed to you by the voice of another woman. That experience is not for all, nor is it needed by all. What the all—all people—need is a new presentation of the truth in the light of their own times and the terms of their own knowledge; so that each may seek truth's comfort for himself.

"The world calls me—us here—dead. But sometimes people, unable to endure the thought of such a blanking out, speak of a loved one as having 'gone on.' That idea, *the act of going on*, is more correctly true. It is true that we are 'changed'; but so is man in his earth experience changed from a newborn child to adulthood.

"It is so that I am changed—so all we 'dead' are changed; glorified with our own immortality. Even as you, too, will be glorified. We have indeed gone on beyond the comprehension of your present earth perceptions; but so is man beyond the comprehension—even the sight perception—of that newborn child. Of course it takes only a little while before a baby begins, as they say, 'to notice.' You, the world—so small a child in time's duration of the universe—only notice us as yet. But just as the noticing of a child brings a feeling of personal comfort and stability to him, so would the world's acceptance of immortality bring back stability and comfort to mankind. Indeed, it is only so—only by a re-establishment of the old faith in the continuity, the worth-while-ness, the purpose and responsibility of life—that people or nations can regain stability.

"Stability," she repeated. "*Stability* is what you have lost and are now seeking to regain. Not security. Security is material. Stability is spiritual. Stability is the soul, the character of peoples. Given that, man or nation makes its own security. But stability—real foundation-rock, unwavering stability—no man can have without *faith* in immortality. Why? Oh, my dear, my dear! Earth-life would have no point, would be too much to ask of man, without immortality!"

THE old order of things has collapsed, says Betty. In some parts of the world, as in Europe, that collapse has been so complete that it seems everything of the old has been destroyed or lost. Elsewhere, as in our own country, much of the staunchness of the old order is still intact; but the same elements that brought about the catastrophe in the Old World are at work in the New, and will proceed to the same conclusion if we continue fatuously traveling the same road.

What brought about this collapse?

"Loss of faith in the present fact of immortality," Betty states bluntly.

When the present moment—the earth span of life—is all that concerns us, she explained, then the emphasis of all we think and all we do at once bases on materialism. We know that modern civilization has been drifting toward that point of view, whether we are frank enough to admit it or not. More and more we have been tending toward writing off everything but the gain of the day. We deny the claim of the future; we are increasingly indifferent to the coming generations. We are emphasizing *rights* rather than *obligations*; those obligations that a real faith in immortality must impose.

When humankind gets far enough away from the fact of immortality, said Betty, it has to come back. Or perish. "Furthermore, any coming back always means a new pattern."

Now to America, she insists, is entrusted the chance to fix a new and better pattern. Why have we the job?

Because our nation's pattern of government was originally laid down closely in accord with a reality of consciousness which we call evolution. That is the structure of the universe; various *degrees* of development, high, low, and in between. Each must work freely in its own capacity toward the development of the whole. Leave out the word "freely" and you have totalitarianism. Put it in and you have democracy. In our beginnings we functioned pretty closely to that ideal. And still do; though we have backslid somewhat.

But democracy is not a form of government. It is a pattern for government.

Now, Betty demands, how are we going to do it? Must we not dig down into the consciousness of men and lay bare the only rock strong enough to support the many-storied and varied superstructure that today's science has made ours?

"But what is that rock?" we demanded.

"Recognition of the creator as greater than the thing created," she answered promptly. "Acceptance of the oneness of consciousness as a whole. Realization that man's thoughts and activities are a real and vital part of the scheme of things, having their effect on the whole as well as on himself. Not only here and now, in his own little segment of the universe, but on out in an eternal continuity. Immortality!"

Such, Betty told us, is the purpose of her divulgence.

"I must make reasonable," said she, "the *hereness* of immortality. Man has always had some conception of the *thereness* of immortality. For you as well as me, and for me as well as you. The *hereness* of immortality, once you understand it and accept it, will make what has seemed to you vague entirely and triumphantly real."

BETTY'S sister, Millicent, had always accepted Betty's psychic work simply because she believed in Betty. The Chinese box episode had startled her; but back in her mind, I suspect, lingered the thought that if all this were really so, in all its implication, she would before this, somehow, through some one, have had word from her husband, who had died suddenly several years ago.

A week or so later Betty began to "show Joan pictures," as we call that process. Joan is made to see things, which she describes. Only later do we know whether they mean anything or not. Betty "showed pictures" for about twenty minutes. Then Francis, Millicent's husband, dictated a short letter to her. This took about two minutes. It was an affectionate note, such as any husband might have written to any beloved wife. Without the authentication crowded into the previous twenty minutes it could have meant little or nothing.

"Now, the first thing Joan said," I told Millicent next day, reading

from my notes, "was this: 'There is a man here. He has a watch chain across the front of his vest, and there's a sort of dingle-dangle thing on it. The watch ticks too loud, and it lies on a table by the side of the bed.'"

Millicent was staring at me and gasping. It seems that Francis clung to an old-fashioned thick "turnip" watch because it had belonged to his grandfather; that it had a chain unusually long; that a heavy seal—a "dingle-dangle"—depended from it. Furthermore, Francis tried to keep the watch on a table by the side of his bed, but abandoned that because its ticking kept him awake.

The next read: "Boots he has: with his trousers tucked in."

It seems that, when Francis was building the docks at Bordeaux during the last war, he bought a pair of French half-boots that pleased him so much he used to bring them out to show guests what proper engineer's footgear should be; and on the slightest excuse he would put them on and tuck his trousers in them to work around the place.

"Something about a surrogate court," I read the succeeding sentence of my record. That was a hit; for Francis had left an involved estate that had only recently been settled to the point of attention by the surrogate. "Oatmeal; something about eating oatmeal," was next.

"Oh, that's good!" Millicent cried. The children ate breakfast alone. Francis was a great stickler on oatmeal for the children. They grumbled and balked on the subject of oatmeal—many children do. All but the youngest. His face, and his plate, were always bright. *But*—when house-cleaning time came around, behind every picture on the wall were discovered great dabs of oatmeal!

JOAN had next described—and illustrated—"some one who put on their nose glasses this way." Before reading this I asked Millicent to put on her glasses. She duplicated Joan's performance. Subsequently I asked other members of the family to show me "how Millicent puts on her glasses," and received the same demonstration.

"Don't forget the creek: mustn't forget that!" I continued.

"Could I ever forget the Creek!" cried Millicent fervently.

Francis, as has been mentioned, was a civil engineer engaged in heavy construction—like the docks at Bordeaux and a good deal of New York's waterfront. His estate included a lot of heavy machinery, dredges, pile drivers, barges, and the like, which had worried Millicent for years. She was unable to get rid of them; she paid taxes and storage on them. And they had been kept all these years in an inlet of the Flushing marshes known by name as the Creek.

Now followed a number of small, less striking references—and then a statement that hit Millicent hard:

"This man says to tell Millicent,

'The child that never got born is here with me. Little girl.'"

A little girl had been born, indeed, but never breathed.

"It was the only time in all his life I ever saw Francis cry," said Millicent.

I knew nothing whatever of this fact until I heard it then.

"Betty is laughing and nodding her head," Joan had concluded. I should think she well might. Joan knew nothing of Betty's sister: she did not even know Millicent's last name.

Of only one "evidential" did Millicent profess complete ignorance. That was the description of a house.

"It *may* be Francis' boyhood home," she said.

Later I had a chance to check with



Stewart Edward White has been famous since the early 1900s. His forty and more books include tales of adventure and frontier life in the wilds of North America and of Central Africa, and accounts of his experiences in those regions. During the World War he was a major in the 144th Field Artillery. Born in Grand Rapids, he is a graduate of the University of Michigan and of Columbia Law School. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. In 1904 he married "Betty," Miss Elizabeth Grant. The fact that he is anything but a "visionary" or a charlatan speaks for itself.

one of Francis' immediate family. That house was a clean miss. And that fact pleased us! It had looked to be *all* good. Betty had said: "Some of it is good, but some isn't." And we needed a miss to verify Betty's remark.

Her one miss, so far as I personally am concerned, was when she announced, "I never thanked you for bringing my blue slippers."

"What blue slippers? Where did I bring them?" I asked. "I don't remember."

"You will!" she replied.

Nevertheless, I did not. Only recently, in California, was that reference tidied up.

The last week in February, 1940, before starting the work of putting this book together, I cleaned up a number of matters entrusted to me by Betty. Among them was the typing and delivery of a letter to her favorite nurse, who had accompanied her home from a hospital siege in 1937 and stayed several weeks in the house. Betty had nicknamed her Johnnie.

I left Johnnie's letter till the last. Betty had said when she dictated it through Joan, "Johnnie thought I was a nut. At first she thought I was

crazy. I knew it all the time. I said to myself, 'Well, I'll show Johnnie!'"

I mailed the message, but anticipated an impending visit from Johnnie with a good deal of diffidence. One of the things that bothered me was an emphatic statement by Betty: "The child will get well." What child? Johnnie is a surgical nurse and more or less specializes in adult patients. However, "The child will get well" proved particularly and peculiarly evidential. In fact, a great part of the letter was evidential, as Johnnie, no matter what her personal attitude on psychic phenomena, was quick honestly to admit. So I told her something of Betty's other communications, and finally of the blue slippers as the one personal thing I could not identify.

"I can," said Johnnie promptly. "When Mrs. White was in the hospital in San Francisco she asked you to bring her a pair of slippers from Burlingame—from home. She laughed and laughed over the ones you brought. You picked out the fanciest high-heeled slippers she had, and what she wanted was bedroom slippers, not style. But I can't remember the color."

LATER, in talking with Reider, who does everything nobody else does in my household, I told him of having seen Johnnie and of the slipper incident as amusing, fortunately withholding the color angle. Reider has been in my employ for more than ten years. He has a memory for detail that never fails.

"Why, I remember that!" cried Reider. "You came home from the hospital with a list of things Mrs. White wanted. You got them together and I made them into a package for you. Among them were her blue slippers."

"Blue? Are you sure?" I wanted to shout, but refrained.

"Certainly I am sure, sir," said Reider. "I rather wondered at the time what Mrs. White wanted with her blue slippers."

I reread Betty's three references to her blue slippers. And found that she had not wanted me to remember! That she deliberately had chosen something she knew—or hoped—I would not remember!

With Johnnie and Reider to remember, those blue slippers are just about the best piece of "evidential" a man ever had.

This installment of *The Unobstructed Universe* is an excerpt from the book of the same name published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and copyrighted by Stewart Edward White.

Now that Betty had communicated "references" so convincing to her husband, what more serious messages from her were to reach him? How was she to account for her ability to "come back," and for the continuity of her "universe you don't see" with the one known to him and his fellow researchers? All this Mr. White will make both clear and amazingly reasonable in *Liberty* next week!

Lady in Mink

The sprightly story of a damsel in distress, a miracle in Manhattan, and a monk named Venus!

BY WALLACE IRWIN

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

HE was an old-fashioned organ-grinder with a black slouch hat to match his wide Sicilian mustache, and there were rings in his ears. He set up an outdated little hurdy-gurdy, a box with a crank on it and a picture of Mount Vesuvius on the front panel. Industriously he turned on the tower music from *Il Trovatore*, so full of odd jerks and sour arpeggios that it might have roused Verdi from his well earned sleep. The musician's associate, a monkey with a red soldier cap, hopped around offering a tin cup to empty space; it was so cold on Ninth Avenue that nothing short of murder would have drawn a crowd.

Then a smartly dressed young woman with a bun of fur in her auburn hair, to match her fine mink coat, stopped in her tracks. Wide Irish eyes and a wide Irish mouth spread in amazement. She stooped down to look at the monkey and twisted her naturally pretty face into a grimace so like the little animal's that you would have sworn that they were blood relations. The two of them seemed to pass a look of recognition as she chirped and said, "Come here, darling. You're the guy I've been looking for a long time."

She opened the gold clasp of her handbag and was very businesslike, counting out change. She had the air of one paying a bill at the grocer's, making it exact: two quarters, five dimes, a nickel and five pennies. She fingered it to see that she wasn't cheating herself, then dumped it all into the monkey's tin cup. "There!" she said conclusively.

Il Trovatore stopped in mid-groan. "Lady," said the organ-grinder, "I thank you for so much. Never before do anybody geeva so much. Except once a drunk man. My name is Mister Spitelli."

"What's your monkey's name?" she asked.

"Venus. He is very smart."

"Sure he is," she said. "We've met before. It's pretty cold out here. Won't you two fellows join me in a bite to eat?" Mr. Spitelli closed his

fiery eyes, as if somebody had knocked him on the head. Fine furs among Ninth Avenue's shoddy, and a princess asking him to lunch! Like a sleepwalker Mr. Spitelli shouldered his hurdy-gurdy and his monkey, then followed her across to a place called EATS.

The fat proprietor was astonished, too, seeing them come in. He hardly noticed the organ-grinder's outfit, but bowed and scraped before the lady in furs.

"Well!" he said thickly.

"Hello, Joe," she chimed. "Long time no see, huh? Give the monk a bag of peanuts and a glass of Grade A. Treat him like he owns the place. It's coming to him. His name's Venus."

The monkey had already taken a walk to the far end of the counter and was attracting more friends than he could use. The proprietor came back, bowed like the Ritz's majordomo, and said, "Well, Miss Wingate, gladda see you again. Now you're eating on Park Avenue it's certainly nice of you to visit the old dump when you don't reely have to."

She made a comic mouth at him and replied, "I don't *have* to do anything. That's my slogan. Joe, Mr. Spitelli and I want a double hamburger. No onions for mine. And yours, Mr. Spitelli?"

"Onions," said Mr. Spitelli, the first word he had spoken since he came in.

When Joe's wide back was turned she said softly, "I wanted to give Venus the exact change, Mr. Spitelli. A dollar ten. You spika da Ing pretty good?"

He shook his bushy head and replied, "No so good. But you no owe me dollar ten."

"No, I don't," she said. "I owe it to your monkey."

"Huh?"

She sat a moment with folded



"Mr. Spitelli, do you see what I did?" Sicilian eyes were glazed with vengeance.



hands. Mr. Spitelli no spika da Ing good. That gave her courage to say things which she might have confessed to a wooden post but to no listening ear. And she owed this man a confession.

So she told her story backward, as Scheherazade probably did before they translated her from the Arabic.

I GUESS you aren't much of a reader, Mr. Spitelli (she said), or you'd know what the critics are saying about Edza Wingate in *Blaze Away*. It's my old clown act on roller skates that kept the scenery out of the warehouse. I'm another of those Broadway turnovers. Last summer I was deader than the League of Nations, without an ounce of comeback in me. I'd have hired out to you as a hand-organ monkey, if you'd have taken me on. Nobody would, not even the Art Theater Project. You don't know what unemployment is until you get to be a jobless actor. Everybody puts the skids on you, from the Bally Roos to the burlesques.

I'll tell you why. A year ago Dan Marshold, who can smell talent a mile off, picked me out of the small time because I was the only living girl that could roller skate through a barrel, come out with my skin on, and keep 'em laughing all the way. He typed me for a roughhouse comedienne, which was right. Then we tried out a tumble-down act, me skating on one leg down a flight of stairs, faking a trip-up at every step. If you think it's easy, Mr. Spitelli, try it on your hand organ. But it was nuts for me, and I'll tell you why. Because of Eddie Dady and his Skyracket Orchestra. You don't read the papers, so you wouldn't know. Eddie was another of Marshold's discoveries. Eddie simply *was* music. When his band started tootling *Breakneck Symphony*—composed for my stairway act—I could skate right up the side of the Empire State Building, and keep 'em hollering all the way.

Well, we were at Atlantic City, giving Hoozit the two weeks' tryout, and the critics had come down to say that once I hit the Big Town there'd be a fire. Which wasn't entirely fair, because it was Eddie and his Skyracketeers that made the music that made me work. I guess I was goofy about Eddie—all the girls were sticking to him like flies to jelly. Maybe I was only crazy about the noises he made—I couldn't go into my routine without his music. It simply picked me up and carried me. We teamed up so good that Marshold was for billing us as Eddie and Edza. Eddie didn't mind. He was big about a lot of things.

But when he began squiring me, before the whole company, I handed it back to him cold. I knew that he'd married some sort of palooka extra on a Hollywood lot, and that she got pie-eyed and beat him every time he came out. Eddie didn't make any cake with me, knowing all that. I'm

stubborn as a mule, Marshold says. Maybe. But I've gotta motto: No license, no love. That slogan has pulled me out of hot water more than once, even if it has dumped me on ice.

Well, there was that awful night at Atlantic City, with Eddie telling me he'd blow out his brains with a second-contralto sax if I didn't listen. I said "Scram!" in words of one syllable and banged the door on him. And so goofy about him I could have yelled my hat off. Well, I got changed



"The way things are going, I expect to retire at the age of fifteen!"

to my kid rompers and waiting for my cue when Marshold horned in and hollered, "What did you do to Eddie? He's quit the show." Marshold made a tragedy exit, and there I stood, shivering in my skates.

I had to work from a twelve-foot platform for the stairway act, and there I was, every muscle frozen tight as a bull fiddle. I looked down, and there was the Skyracketeers but no Eddie. A dead fish named Goon Sletzer was leading 'em, doing everything wrong. The tempo was a pain in the neck, all haywire. But, like a fool, I went into my routine—then my ankle went soft, and I came down those stairs head over tail. When I woke up I was in a hospital. My insurance just got me through, and I was out on the street with a lot of hoss doctors telling me I'd limp the rest of my life. . . .

"Are you listening, Mr. Spitelli?" she asked. He was chewing rye bread noisily and wiping gravy from his plate. She felt that she was talking to herself, and she preferred it that way.)

I guess my mind was limping worse than my leg (she said). I limped myself over to a soupy-looking row of rooming houses around the corner from here. The girl who split the rent with me called the place Fungus Row because it looked like it, all covered with mildewed ivy up and down the front. I exercised my sore leg going to pawnshops in the morning and to theatrical employment

bureaus in the afternoon. When I hocked something I'd come over to Joe's and feed up on hamburgers. Then there was nothing left to hock, except the clothes I walked in. Oh, yes, I had one pair of professional roller skates attached to special shoes. When I took them out for repairs the shoemaker held them for the bill—sixty cents.

The time came when I was right on the spot. I'd been working a phony on the theatrical bureaus—calling myself Eva Carle, because I was afraid they'd say, "Oh, so you're Edza Wingate, the punk that can't skate without breaking her leg." For about ten days I'd been living on crackers and cocoa, for my girl friend had skipped out on me and left me to pay the rent. Funny thing, though, my leg was getting well—if you could call either of my wobblies well. They were so weak from cocoa that I had to hold my knees to stand up. There wasn't a thing to beg, borrow, or steal. My folks up in Buffalo? Both dead. Some girls would have written a sob to Marshold or to Eddie Dady. Not me. Eddie was packing 'em in in their new show *Blaze Away*, and I hoped he'd choke on his salary envelope.

WELL, as a last shot, I went to another bureau, and they kept me standing in line so long that I keeled over. Passed out cold. Some poor old ham gave me a spot of rye, so I could wobble out to the street. And what did I see, getting into a limousine the size of a Bellevue ambulance? Dan Marshold in person! I got in his way, and he said, "Migawd, you're Edza Wingate! What makes you so skinny?" I told him I'd been reducing for the figure, and he said, "Better tie a string around the figure, or something's going to drop off like a strip-tease. Where've you been?" I made a crack about visiting my folks in Newport. I was kinda getting in his hair, I guess, for he turned red. Then suddenly, in that queer ad lib. way he has, he asked, "Still skating?" "Why not, who's to stop me?" I asked. "All right, all right," he says. "We got a fat gal in Part Two who's a dull headache." He seemed to look at every bone in my body, then moaned, "Come around to Steven's Gymnasium at four o'clock, and bring your skates."

Success story? Huh! What had I got that he wanted? Just nothing. I shuffled back to my room and looked out the window, not seeing a thing. What could I do at Steven's Gymnasium? The shoemaker had my skates, and even if he gave 'em to me I was so starved on cocoa I couldn't push one foot in front of the other. I couldn't barely walk, let alone skate. I sat in that window, staring into space, like a sick astronomer. . . .

(She paused and said, "Mr. Spitelli, have another hunk of coconut pie. It's strengthening." He
(Continued on page 21)



In cigarettes, as in army planes, it's modern design that counts!

"You girls know the importance of design,— modern design!"



● LOOK AT Pall Mall closely. It's not merely a longer cigarette. It's a milestone in cigarette history!

For Pall Mall is a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking.

Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the old-style cigarette. And this additional length is important.

Because it travels the smoke further—the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco—the smoke is definitely milder.

Important, too, is BULKING.

Because this careful Pall Mall process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors blend together. All harshness is gradually softened.

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE ANTELOPE



LEFT: Mother Antelope takes advantage of Nature's Protective Blending. Here, among sagebrush and cactus, her fawns find sanctuary. She hides them here when danger is near.

BELOW: Not often would Mother Antelope expose her young in the open like this. Away from Nature's Protective Blending they would be at the mercy of wolf, coyote and eagle.



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BEN: You always drink Calvert. Don't you ever change your brand? I get so fed up with...

LEN: Yes, I know — you're like a million other guys — looking for a whiskey that *tastes* good. Here! Try *my* brand.

BEN: Sa-a-ay! Is *that* Calvert? Awfully good — isn't it! Listen, Len! Is it *always* that good?

LEN: Always! The fellow in my liquor store says Calvert's middle name is "Uniformity."* Glad you like it.

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BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof — 65% Grain Neutral Spirits ... Calvert "Special": 90 Proof — 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

(Continued from page 18)

took another hunk and went on eating.)

Maybe I prayed a little (she said); anyhow, there was a miracle. "Money from heaven," as the Bible says. It fell right in my lap, nickels and dimes. Real money! When you want a dollar like I did it's worth a million, cash down.

(The mention of money made Mr. Spitelli stop chewing. "You got it from your folks?" he asked. "No, from one of my ancestors," she said, and went on with her story.)

That handful of small change was a shot in the arm. I simply sailed downstairs and gave the shoemaker sixty cents for my skates. From there I sailed over to Joe's Eats and said, "Joe, gimme four bits' worth of hamburger and coffee." I don't usually eat much before I work, but when I got around that meat I felt so supercharged that I whistled all the way to Steven's Gymnasium. There in the big room was Dan Marshold and a couple of stooges, and a leading lady looking down her nose, and maybe a dozen show girls.

I was pretty snooty, stripping down to shorts and getting on my rollers, but my insides were asking, "Suppose you can't?" I just raised my left eyebrow and said to Marshold, "Well, what about some music?" He pressed a button, and something that must have been a phonograph record in the back room started tooting Whadda You Know About Love? One of Eddie Dady's hits! Then did I skate! I skated the Declaration of Independence around the whole company. I skated in and out of a barrel, while thousands cheered. Eddie's tempo got into my feet, so I could've made them do anything. I made funny faces like I used to. Everybody screamed. I was like a poodle having a fit.

SUDDENLY I saw a stairway leading up to a balcony effect. I don't know how I got up there, but I did. The music stopped and I yelled, "Breakneck Symphony, Eddie! Breakneck Symphony!" And there was the tune, tooting out of the back room. I went right into my routine, better than ever, with all the comedy trip-ups. Half way down I tried a fancy fall I'd never dared before. I fell into a handspring and landed, toes out, doing a crab, sidewise. As I went by Marshold I thumbed my nose and said my old gag line, "Anybody home?"

Mr. Spitelli, you couldn't have heard a piano drop. The leading lady and a stagehand kissed me, while Marshold made gestures like a yard of contracts. Then a back door busted open, and what came out? Eddie Dady, running with open arms! He'd been out back, leading the Skyracketeers! He grabbed me like a feeding lion and kept saying, "You little bum! You little bum!" That's how we got engaged. It seems that when Eddie jumped the show at Atlantic City it was because he got fed up

on my saying "No license, no love." So he took a plane to a place called Mexico where people get divorced. But the judge made him stay a month before he'd give him his ticket. Then he flew back to tell me okey-dokey—and where was I? Gone with the windbags. Well . . .

Because you don't read the papers, Mr. Spitelli, I guess you didn't see how our wedding in the Waldorf-Astoria pushed the war off the front page. . . .

And that's why I've been saunter-



"I'm sorry, Marie. The movie is off!"

ing along Ninth Avenue, looking for an organ-grinder and a monkey. . . .

THE roller-skating clown who called herself Edza Wingate poured the story into Mr. Spitelli's hairy left ear; but it was not until he had finished his second helping of pie and drawn a paper napkin across his fierce mustache that he turned with a look of faint understanding. He looked down the counter and saw his monkey emptying a sugar shaker into a glass of water.

"Venus he is smart," he said.

"Have you understood a word I've been telling you?" she asked.

"Sure, lady. One day you no could get a dollar ten. Then you got. Then you eat, you feel beega strong, you getta good job. Tha's fine!" Suddenly his expression blackened and narrowed. "Say, who geev you dissa dollar ten?"

"Your monkey," said Edza earnestly.

"My wot?"

"Monkey. That day I sat in the window, breaking my heart for a few nickels and dimes, I heard Il Trovatore coming up the block, kind of hopeless. Then I saw your monk, so cute, climbing the vines along Fungus Row. He'd hitch up to a window, pass in his cup, collect some change, swing across to the next window. He was coming closer with every swing. My heart began to pound like a gangster's must before he sticks up

a laundry. Then Venus perched on my sill. I held out one of the damned crackers I ate with my damned cocoa and chirped, 'Come in, dear.' He came in, and while he was nibbling I dumped his cup into my lap and counted out exactly a dollar ten. I put the rest back and dropped in my last coin, a counterfeit quarter I couldn't pass anywhere.

"Venus, the little dear, seemed satisfied with the deal and scrambled away to the next customer. Mr. Spitelli, do you get me? Do you see what I did?" Sicilian eyes were glazed with vengeance, but she went bravely on. "It was nine degrees lower than taking candy from babies. Even after I made a hit and married Eddie I felt so low I'd need a ladder to tickle a worm. So every time I take a walk I come to Ninth Avenue and listen for your old rattler—"

MR. SPITELLI'S face puckered murderously as he reached around for his knife pocket. What he brought out was a large blue handkerchief which he bunched against his mouth to smother an enormous laugh. "Haw, lady! No wunna you got reech being funny. You robba da monk! Haw, dassa scream, so funny!"

Edza Wingate put back her head and joined his laughter. "You're funny too. And so's your monk." Her face sobered as she looked Mr. Spitelli over carefully. "Now listen. My Eddie's perfectly wonderful at working up skits, and we're booked for Hollywood in the spring. Suppose"—her head went to one side—"suppose we dope it out this way: Eddie and I stage a fight. He carries me upstairs, skates and all, and locks me in a tower all covered with ivy and a window facing center stage. 'Stay there till you change your mind' . . . he can gag that line till it's good. I say, 'O. K., fool, then I'll go to bed.' Then along you come with the monk and Il Trovatore. Eddie bribes the monk to climb up and swipe my clothes. Then the monk steals the key, takes it up to the window. Door opens, and there's my entrance in working shorts, skating down the stairs. . . . How's that, Mr. Spitelli?"

"Yes," said Mr. Spitelli.

"Well, here's my card, and for gawsake don't give it to Venus to play with. Bring the monk and the box around to our flat tomorrow at three. That card's a ticket to Hollywood, practically."

Wondering if Hollywood was still at peace with the United States, Mr. Spitelli dropped the card in his pocket. He bowed himself out with Venus saying "Chee!" across his shoulder. As the lady in the mink coat went down the street Il Trovatore livened into a dance step. Joe, proprietor of EATS, glowered through the window. "That tune makes you want to commit suicide," he said. "I wonder if it's the only opera he's got in his box."

THE END

IMPORTANT!

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M-G-M's "MEN OF BOYS TOWN" EVEN SURPASSES MIGHTY "BOYS TOWN"

THE NEW HIT—WITH THE CHARACTERS YOU KNOW AND LOVE!



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MEN OF BOYS TOWN

with BOBS WATSON · DARRYL HICKMAN · MARY NASH · LARRY NUNN · HENRY O'NEILL · LEE J. COBB

Original Screen Play by James Kevin McGuinness · Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR. · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★ THAT NIGHT IN RIO

THE PLAYERS: Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda, S. Z. Sakall, J. Carrol Naish, Curt Bois, Leonid Kinskey, Frank Puglia, Lillian Porter, Maria Montez, Georges Renavent, Edward Conrad, Fortunio Bonanova, Flores Brothers. Screen play by George Seaton, Bess Meredyth, and Hal Long, based on a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler, additional dialogue by Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 90 minutes.

A SPECTACULAR musical comedy in technicolor with Don Ameche in a dual role. He is both an American night-club entertainer, one Larry Martin, as well as a Brazilian boulevardier, the Baron Duarte. Larry holds the fervid affections of the tempestuous South American singer, Carmen, of his midnight revue, while the baron is married to a blonde American, done by Alice Faye. One of the features of Larry's act is a kindly impersonation of the baron, which suggests to that gentleman's business associates that they hire him to be Duarte while the nobleman is flying to the Argentine in a desperate effort to cover his market speculations. The fiery Carmen doesn't understand, the baron's wife is fooled—and the proceedings skate along the Hays border line. They're—shall we say?—warmly pink, all the better in technicolor.

Ameche does both roles pleasantly, Miss Faye is quite adequate. The center of interest is the Carmen, done by Carmen Miranda from Brazil via the New York night spots. Señorita Miranda's charms are opulent. At first her camera qualities seem on the caricature side, she's almost a comic-strip Latin charmer, but her warmth and exuberance get you before she has finished her first song, I'yi, Yi, Yi, Yi, which to you and me turns out to be I Like You Very Much and slightly on the jungle-chant side.

VITAL STATISTICS: Twentieth Century-Fox ran into difficulties with its first bid for the South American trade, *Down Argentine Way*, which wasn't released in the Argentine. The studio took no chances with this, submitted the script to the Brazilian Embassy in Washington for an opinion. It was approved. . . . When Carmen Miranda appeared in *Down Argentine Way*, her scenes were shot in New York. This time she journeyed to Hollywood with her band—and said she found it a lot of fun. Does one song in *Inglees*. But that's nothing. Don Ameche sings in Portuguese! . . . The studio had to get government permission to put forty ounces of gold, total cost over \$1,400, into one of Alice Faye's gowns. . . . After all those difficult and carefully timed double-exposure shots in which Don Ameche talks to Don Ameche, Mr. Ameche sighed and commented: "Nobody can convince me now that I'm an easy guy to work with."

★★★ I WANTED WINGS

THE PLAYERS: Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris, Brian Donlevy, Constance Moore, Veronica Lake, Harry Davenport, Phil Brown, Edward Fielding, Willard Robertson, Richard Lane, Addison Richards, Douglas Aylesworth, Hobart Cavanaugh, John Trent, Archie Twitchell, Richard Webb, John Heistand. Screen play by Richard Maibaum, Lieutenant Beirne Lay, Jr., and Sig Herzog, based on a story by Eleanor Griffin and Frank Weed, from the novel, *I Wanted Wings*, by Lieutenant Lay, Jr. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 135 minutes.

BY
**BEVERLY
HILLS**

**DOUBLE-
TROUBLE**

Don Ameche and a
dazzling damsel in
That Night in Rio.



Melody and color adorn the tangled tale
of a movie predicament for Mr. Ameche

EVER since the first service picture, Dick Barthelmess' *Classmates*, in 1924, the formula for this sort of film fable has remained essentially the same. Three boys—one noble, one a bit on the weakling side, one a comedy yokel trying hard to make the grade—face all the problems of training for whatever branch of the service they are hoping to enter. Then the details of the training are sandwiched in as ingeniously as possible.

Here you have a panorama of boys taking the Air Corps training. Ray Milland is a polo-playing socialite, a shade spoiled but sterling underneath. There's William Holden as a lad who has come up from the bottom and been hurt en route by an unscrupulous little blonde vixen, and there's Wayne Morris as an All-America football star, more than slightly on the dumb side.

The boys are personable enough, their problems provide mild drama. The chief interest is in the actual details of making a flyer. These details are really exciting, the aerial camera work is remarkable, but the film is miles too long. And it strains too hard to be an epic.

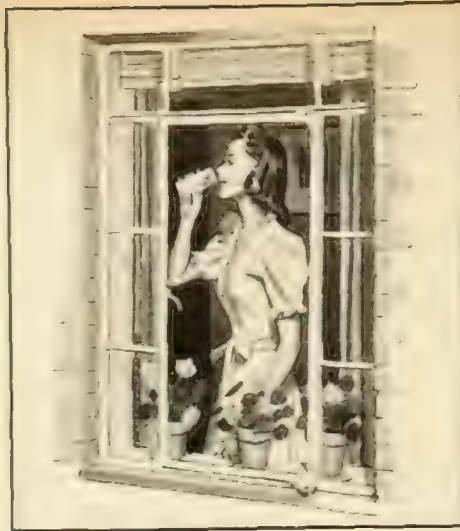
VITAL STATISTICS: Some \$25,000,000 worth of planes are on view. At Randolph Field, in Texas, 300 students took part in scenes and 520 planes participated. At Kelly Field, also in Texas, where advanced flying is taught, 450 cadets did their bits and 700 more planes were used. Some of those flying fortresses were used as background at March Field, Riverside, California. . . . Honey-haired Veronica Lake, who plays the bad gal, married John Detlie, an art director at M-G-M, between scenes. Marriage took place at Santa Ana, California. The two met when Miss Lake was given a test at the studio last January. . . . Paul Mantz, veteran stunt flyer, did most of the air thrills. . . . Action at Randolph Field was supposed to take place in April, so studio technicians sprayed the worn brown landing field (it was November then) with brilliant green paint. And were the student flyers surprised when they came out on the field that morning! . . . Sons of two famous men start



1. SARAH NEEDS A LAXATIVE—but she's got to go marketing, so she puts off taking anything. She starts out for the grocery and meat market feeling plenty uncomfortable.



3. SARAH FEELS so miserable she pays no attention to what she is selecting. The meat she buys is tough, the greens are old, Sarah is disgusted!



2. CLARA NEEDS A LAXATIVE; she's got marketing to do, too, but she remembers, "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." So she takes speedy Sal Hepatica.



4. CLARA FINDS marketing easy. Dinner is going to be a great success! Sal Hepatica worked so fast . . . was so gentle and thorough . . . Clara feels like a new person!

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEXT TIME you need a laxative, don't delay. Take speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour. Acts by attracting water to the intestinal tract. Acts gently, thoroughly—without irritation, discomfort, or griping.

Small wonder a recent survey shows 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend this speedy, sparkling saline!

More than a laxative, Sal Hepatica does a lot to counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.



Whenever you need a laxative, take the speedy, gentle saline recommended by so many doctors: Sal Hepatica!

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTON—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

their careers in this. Renny McEvoy, twenty-three, is a son of Author J. P. McAvoy. Alan Hale, Jr., is a son of the veteran actor.

★ ★½ RAGE IN HEAVEN

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Ingrid Bergman, George Sanders, Lucile Watson, Oscar Homolka, Philip Merivale, Matthew Boulton, Aubrey Mather, Frederic Worlock, Francis Compton, Gilbert Emery, Ludwig Hart. Screen play by Christopher Sherwood and Robert Thoren, based on the novel by James Hilton. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 85 minutes.

ONCE in a while Hollywood goes on a psychopathic bender—and this one will be hard to top as far as its plot is concerned. It is the study of a rich young Englishman, a weakling who has shielded himself through his school days in the shadow of a stalwart friend. Then, when this personable paranoiac marries, he suddenly becomes insanely jealous of his wife and his benefactor and carefully and artfully plots a suicide that will point to his friend as his murderer. In this way he hopes the lovely object of his jealousy will be crushed, with death taking the two men out of her life.

Robert Montgomery gives a careful, detailed study of the deranged Philip Montrell, Ingrid Bergman is amazingly good as the bride, George Sanders makes the friend healthily upright. Curiously, the homicidal tension doesn't work up, maybe due to script, maybe to uninspired direction. The picture remains a drab study of madness in the making, but it isn't entertainment, except to a student of suicidal paranoia.

VITAL STATISTICS: W. S. Van Dyke, who is a major in the Marine Corps, was borrowed back to direct. A furlough was arranged. Van Dyke has been in active service since November at the San Diego marine base. . . . George Sanders was loaned to Metro by his home studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. . . . Robert Montgomery has one idiosyncrasy—green hats. Has nine, won't wear any other color. Owns one of the largest private libraries on crime detection in existence. . . . Ingrid Bergman has a small daughter, Pia. Her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, is now with her in Hollywood. He joined her while *Rage in Heaven* was being shot, after a danger-menaced voyage from Stockholm.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love.

★★★½—A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band.

★★★—Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young.

Germany's Secret Plans For Invading England

Amazing light on how the Nazis geared a nation for all-out war

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS



Photos from European

Top: "Express highways, long-distance arteries." Left: "Linking the North Sea with the Black Sea." Right: "The sole secret is work."

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

BESIDES the reports of the German General Staff, Air Ministry, and Defense Ministry which have been outlined in preceding articles of this series, a report of the Ministry of Economics was ordered by Hitler for his diplomatic representatives in Rome, Moscow, Paris, Madrid, and Tokyo, in the devious preparations for the blitzkrieg against England. This report also

was submitted to him under date of December 1, 1940, and word-for-word excerpts from it also came into my possession.

It vividly indicates the solid foundation upon which the entire German nation has been geared for war against the British Empire. Hitler, whose economic-political philosophy is much closer to Stalin's than most people suspect, decided several years ago to adopt the basic conception of Soviet economy, the recruiting and regimenting of every resource in the service of the State. He called it the

Four-Year Plan. The German people were far ahead of the Russians in the field of science, and they are the easiest in the world to organize. Thus, while the Soviet plan after twelve years of trial and error is still limping, the German plan instantly forged ahead.

When the current war broke out, western Europe and America held the opinion that Germany would collapse internally within six months. Her industrial structure was considered overstrained. The blockade cut her off from important world mar-

kets. She was lacking in many raw materials necessary for war, and her financial system was weak. But the world failed to realize that Hitler had been frantically preparing for the contingency of total war since 1936. Today Germany in some fields is stronger economically than when the war began—or so the report of the Economics Ministry indicates. It begins with a brief paragraph concerning the Four-Year Plan, presided over by Reich Marshal Hermann Göring:

THE sole secret of our economic strength is work. The Reich Marshal has brought about an additional acceleration of performance in all German enterprises, especially in the productiveness of every phase of work. Improvements in the nation's industrial plants, in means of production, and in production methods, as well as in the productive capacity of the creating human, have been given a strong push forward. The national effort is now geared to accomplish a still greater prolificness of work. The result of efforts during successive years has brought us that great economic-technical war potential which today is Germany's principal support in her struggle with the British Empire.

Comment by Wythe Williams: Before the outbreak of war, Germany was considered self-sufficient only in four out of thirty basic raw materials needed for a long conflict—coal, zinc, potash, and magnesite. She was seriously deficient in eight others—oil, manganese, antimony, lead, sulphur, rubber, timber, and iron ore. She was largely or entirely lacking in eighteen—copper, tin, bauxite, nickel tungsten, chromium, vanadium, mica, mercury, phosphates, asbestos, cotton, wool, jute, silk, flax, hemp, and sisal.

This report explains how the shortages were overcome, beginning, however, with the discussion of a product of which the Reich had ample supply, namely coal:

Coal is the chief basic requirement of our war economy. It serves as a necessary ingredient for the manufacture of steel, metal alloys, rubber, synthetic gasoline, electric power, and 2,965 important chemicals. After the Polish campaign in 1939, Germany had at her disposal coal deposits in the amount of 200,000,000 metric tons. The victory in the west brought her an additional 120,000,000 metric tons. . . . Today the Greater German Reich is mining more coal than any other country of the world.

Of oil, our outstanding reserve at the outbreak of hostilities amounted to 6.5 million metric tons. The Polish campaign consumed less than 400,000 tons. Our imports from Rumania, up to the time of the 1940 campaign, amounted to 360,000 tons, those from Russia to 480,000. The strictly military oil expenditure in the 1940 campaign was 1,640,000 tons. As against this, our total oil booty in Holland,

Belgium, and France amounted in excess of 3.8 million tons.

Domestic production throughout the territory of the Greater German Reich, including the Gouvernement-Général, for the year 1940, totaled 4.6 million tons of gasoline and light motor fuel, or 5.7 million tons of all mineral oil. . . . Our imports from Russia for the same period amounted to 1.6 million tons. . . . Our military consumption for 1940 throughout the Reich and occupied territories totaled 6.9 million tons.

Rumania produced a grand total of 6.3 million tons of oil in 1939. Of this amount she exported to Germany only 1.3 million. Improvements in drilling methods and the step-up in production since the occupation by Reich troops will result in an output in excess of 9,000,000 tons in 1941. With our increased domestic production and Russian oil imports, as stipulated in the trade treaty for 1941, this will assure Germany of altogether almost 16,000,000 tons for the coming year. Deliveries to Italy are at the rate of 250,000 tons per month.

Comment by Wythe Williams: These quotations, serving as a basis for computation, indicate that to date Hitler has an oil reserve of 9,000,000 tons, or 2.5 million tons more than at the outbreak of war.

The 1940 blitzkrieg lasted eight weeks and consumed oil at the rate of 200,000 tons a week. Assuming that the 1941 blitzkrieg lasts the entire spring and summer, or twenty-six weeks, it would involve an expenditure, at the same rate, of 5,000,000 tons of oil. Taking into account the annual allotment of 3,000,000 tons to Italy, German total oil expenditure for the year would be 15,000,000 tons, as against an estimated supply of 16,000,000 tons. In other words, if we believe the Economics Ministry, Hitler today has all the oil he needs without having to fall back on his untouched reserves.

WE entered the war with sizable reserves in manganese, antimony, lead, and sulphur. We are now importing manganese and antimony from Russia, lead from Spain, and sulphur from Italy in sufficient quantities to meet all requirements.

At the outbreak of hostilities our rubber reserve amounted to 240,000 tons. Today it is in excess of 300,000 tons. The six Reich factories devoted to the production of buna are meeting all rubber requirements. Our caoutchouc (natural India rubber) booty in Holland and France was in excess of 360,000 tons. Of this amount approximately one third was exported to Russia. Not only has German buna (synthetic rubber produced from coal and limestone) production covered all standard rubber requirements but additional uses have been found, such as the equipment of agricultural tractors with pneumatic tires.

The absorption of Moravia and Slovakia and the extension of eco-

nomic control over Norway, Sweden, and Finland have given us inexhaustible sources of wood and wood pulp to cover every possible need.

Germany has no worth-while copper deposits of her own, and none whatever of tin, nickel, and tungsten, all essentials for the production of high-speed cutting tools.

Since the introduction of the Four-Year Plan in 1936, annual imports of the Reich amounted to an average of five and a half billion Reichsmark. Fully one third of these imports consisted of raw materials in which we were completely lacking. Notable among these imports were reserves of tin and tungsten sufficient for six years, also large quantities of nickel and copper.

The 1940 blitzkrieg proved of additional help in these departments. In August, 1940, Finland concluded an agreement by which 75 per cent of her nickel comes to Germany, the remaining 25 per cent to Russia. Sweden has sizable copper deposits now at our disposal. The trade treaty with Russia calls for annual delivery of 100,000 tons of Russian copper ore. Recently the Reich has taken over the French stock majority in the Bor Copper Mines in Yugoslavia, which are the largest on the European continent.

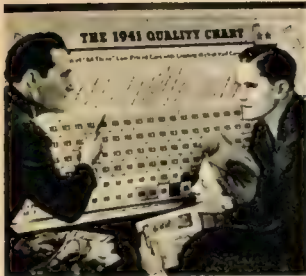
The quantities of chromium, platinum, mica, hemp, and flax stipulated in the Russian agreement have met with 100-per-cent delivery. Bauxite deliveries were 90 per cent, those of phosphates, cotton, and wool—85, 82, and 75 per cent respectively. There is every indication that the larger quantities agreed upon for 1941 will be delivered in full. There is now an adequate reserve of bauxite which, as the basic raw material for the production of aluminum, is indispensable for the building of our air force. In addition to Russian deliveries, there is now the barter agreement calling for large deliveries from Yugoslavia, where are extensive deposits.

Another direct result of the 1940 campaign was the establishment of the common land frontier between Germany and Spain. This has opened to us the Spanish production of mercury, cork, and other essentials. Also from France, Belgium, and Holland we have obtained large quantities of gold, rubber, copra, tin ore, and other produce of the East Indies.

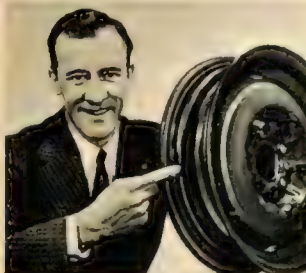
Comment by Wythe Williams: Owing to bloodless conquests and the 1940 blitzkrieg, Germany's industrial capacity has more than doubled. In the armament industry Krupp, Skoda, and Creusot all work at high speed for the Nazi war machine. Hitler's shipbuilding capacity has almost tripled by the acquisition of shipyards in Norway, Denmark, Holland, France, and Rumania. He has acquired the blast furnaces and steel foundries of northern France, the sugar factories of Poland, the Rumanian oil refineries and textile mills of Poland and France, to mention
(Continued on page 28)

LONGEST WHEELBASE OF "ALL 3"

First in Comfort



See the Quality Chart. It compares "All 3"...shows that Plymouth is the one low-priced car most like high-priced cars.



New Safety Rim Wheels—a new invention to prevent a flat tire from rolling off the wheel—to protect you in case of blowout!

EASIER: You enjoy new power... less shifting.
SAFER: Plymouth brings you new Safety Rim Wheels. **ROOMIER:** Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase gives you a softer ride... greater room.



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IT'S A NEW HIGH in comfort at low price—the way this Plymouth rides! You enjoy the smoothness of coil springs, Floating Power engine mountings, airplane-type shock absorbers.

And the beautiful new Plymouth gives you the greatest power per pound of car weight of "All 3" low-priced cars. You feel a thrilling new mastery of hills, distance, traffic. You shift gears less!

You get a luxurious Safety-Styled Interior. You get an Oil Bath Air Cleaner, new High-Duty Engine Bearings and a wide choice of colors on even the lowest-priced Plymouth models. Ride Plymouth, and you'll buy it! Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.



See the low-priced 1941 Plymouth Commercial Pick-Up and Panel Delivery... rugged, smart, economical to operate!

BIG 1941 PLYMOUTH—ONLY

\$685

—Delivered at Detroit, Mich., including standard equipment and all federal taxes. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, not included. Plymouth is easy to buy. Prices subject to change without notice.

MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S. THURSDAYS

Lowest-Priced of "All Three" on Many Models

PLYMOUTH

(Continued from page 26)
just a few. As for the tooling of Hitler's industrial plant, I quote from the Economics Ministry's report:

In exchange of goods with Russia we are on the credit side to a considerable extent. Our principal deliveries consisted of machine tools, tractors, agricultural machines, and railroad equipment. . . . Our deliveries under the barter agreement with Yugoslavia were made up chiefly of machine tools, agricultural machines, airplanes, and armaments. The end of 1940 shows a credit balance in our favor of more than one billion dinars.

The National Socialist war nutrition policy, from the very outset, set itself the task of maintaining, at all costs, the agricultural production of the Reich at the heights previously attained. This has been achieved in the production of grains, while the harvest in root vegetables has witnessed a spectacular rise. Crops of legumes have likewise been increased. The only decrease was in the harvest of fruit, which is particularly regrettable because the principal fruit-exporting countries on the Continent have likewise suffered from the severe winter cold of 1939-40.

The 1940 agricultural program found itself greatly handicapped as a result of severity of the 1939-40 winter. The long perseverance of the worst winter in thirty years delayed the spring planting. Therefore all types of agricultural work were crowded together to the extent which required their execution at an extremely rapid tempo. But the agricultural population understood perfectly that Germany's fate was in its hands. They worked not only from dawn to dusk without a let-up but very frequently even through the night. Tractors had received special permission to operate at night by searchlight illumination furnished by the armed forces, in order to complete all plowing and related operations in the quickest possible time.

Today, in spite of all the weather difficulties encountered, not one hectare of tillable soil throughout Germany remains unworked. The crop of 1940 represents a splendid victory of the German farmer, peasant, and field laborer—and especially the German countrywoman—over England's starvation policy.

The total grain crop for 1940 amounted to 24.6 million tons, which compares with an annual average of 25.1 million tons for the past five years. Considering the severity of the winter, this is an outstanding accomplishment. Since during each of the past five years 2.5 million tons was set aside for Germany's grain reserve, the 1940 harvest is a guaranty that the great bread-grain reserve of 8.5 million tons, as well as the industrial grain reserve of 4,000,000 tons, will continue to remain untouched.

The greatest agricultural accomplishment of the year, however, lies

in the potato and sugar-beet harvests. The potato crop was 56,000,000 tons, comparing with an annual average of 47.1 million tons for the past five years. So enormous was the potato surplus that 6,000,000 tons could be assigned to Belgium, France, and Spain. The harvest in sugar beets represents another great victory, in that it amounted to 18.7 million tons, as compared with an average for the past five years of 12.7 million tons.

Comment by Wythe Williams: In connection with this 1940 harvest picture, the rationing system in Germany for the winter of 1940-41 is of interest. According to the report, the following weekly rations per person were prevailing, translated into pounds: Bread, 6; butter and fats, $\frac{3}{4}$; sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$; meat, $1\frac{1}{2}$; coffee and substitutes, $\frac{1}{4}$. Eggs, milk, cheese, cereals, and apples were likewise rationed. Extra quantities, amounting to from one and one half to two times the standard ration, were given to heavy workers.

The report likewise mentions the rations prevailing in the occupied territories. Reduced to percentages in relation to 100 per cent for the Reich proper, the rations as reported look like this: Denmark, 120 per cent; Holland, 110; Norway, 100; Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia, 100; France, 95; Belgium, 85; Gouvernement-Général of Poland, 75.

There was no rationing of fish. This, according to the report, was due to the acquisition of the rich Norwegian fisheries.

FODDER imports from Russia in 1940 totaled 950,000 tons of sunflower-seed cakes and linseed cakes, also 180,000 tons of vegetable oil. Yugoslavia had an all-time record corn crop. Germany could import in excess of 2,000,000 tons of cattle feed from this source. To comprehend this extraordinary figure, one must bear in mind that the average export figure, for the past five years, of all four Balkan countries combined—Yugoslavia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania, including Bessarabia—amounted to only 1.25 million tons. . . . Yugoslav economy has become dependent on the Reich to such an extent that Yugoslavia has acquired a vested interest in a German victory. . . . Feed imports from other Balkan sources in 1940 totaled 800,000 tons.

The tremendous German sugar-beet crop has contributed to the solution of the food problem. As a result of it, 1.7 million tons of sugar cutlets in excess of the normally produced quantity, became available.

One of the great accomplishments of the Four-Year Plan is the contribution of the meat industry to the scientific production of many items of vital necessity. . . . Considerable quantities of cheese have been produced from calf bellies. . . . 88,000 tons of oil for important war industrial purposes have been won from cattle feet and claws. . . .

Large quantities of shoe and sole leather were produced from pigskin formerly gone to waste in the smoking of bacon and hams. . . . The necessary quantities of insulin were derived from the belly glands of killed cattle. . . .

The system of motor roads (*Autobahnen*) was greatly expanded during the 1940 construction season. . . . The Reich Autoroad Corporation employed an average of 800,000 construction workers. . . . The system was carried across the Wartheland Gau (former Polish Corridor) to connect with the motor roads of East Prussia; across the Gouvernement-Général to the Russian border; all through the Protectorate and the Ostmark (Austria); a main artery through Hungary into Rumania; connection into Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, as well as through the Westmark (Alsace-Lorraine), to connect with the road system of northern France. . . . Today there are 37,000 kilometers of motor roads traversing the territory of Greater Germany. They include almost 15,000 bridges, viaducts, and tunnels.

Comment by Wythe Williams:

TO comprehend this figure of 37,000 kilometers, roughly 23,000 miles, it should be borne in mind that Germany's highway mileage, including country roads, totaled only 130,000 miles prior to the institution of the Four-Year Plan in 1936. Hitler's new motor roads are concrete express highways with a double lane in each direction. They have no grade crossings and they by-pass even small towns. As speedy long-distance arteries, they have taken an immense load of traffic from an overburdened railway system. And a very large proportion of nonmilitary motor transportation in Germany today is carried by trucks which do not operate on gasoline. The report reads:

"A considerable number of these are operated on metan gas, a formerly wasteful by-product of coke smelters. It affords a saving of 120,000 tons of gasoline annually. Any gasoline-burning engine can be adapted for gas fuel by the installation of gadgets at the cost of approximately 350 Reichsmark. These trucks carry their fuel in steel drums mounted alongside the driver's cab. One filling is sufficient for a 300-kilometer trip. Trucks operating on other types of gas called Ruhr gasol, butan, and propan, can travel 500 kilometers on one filling. The saving in fuel costs, as compared with gasoline, amounts to 25 per cent. Still other trucks are equipped with wood generators using plain firewood for fuel. Out of a total of almost 1,500,000 trucks in Germany, more than 200,000 now operate on other fuels than gasoline. Practically all suburban buses are equipped with steam engines operating on coal."

Another important feature of the Four-Year Plan was the construction of the Rhine-Danube Canal, linking

the North Sea with the Black Sea, and thus insuring economic hegemony over central and southeastern Europe. Originally scheduled for completion in 1945, this all-important traffic artery was in operation in the latter part of 1940. It connects Rumania in the southeast with Holland in the northwest by an inland waterway. It provides economical transportation between the low-wage factories of the Ruhr and the farms, oil fields, mines, and timberlands of the southeast. Here is a quotation from the report:

"The Rhine-Danube Canal, with its sixty locks for barges and river steamers of 1,200 tons capacity, defeats one of the main objects of the British blockade. There is no more need for shipping by water around Europe, nor for transportation by railroad and trans-shipment on the Danube. These river steamers can travel from the Russian port of Odessa all the way to Amsterdam, and even around to Hamburg. Armaments and machines go one way; food, timber, and oil the other."

Immediately after the conquest of Poland in September, 1939, work was started by the Russians and Germans jointly on the Pripet-Bug Canal, which connects the river system of southern Russia with that of the Vistula and Oder. Goods can travel along this inland waterway from the heart of the Ukraine to Berlin, and vice versa. The report says: "The locks of the Pripet-Bug Canal were completed in June, 1940. During the remainder of the shipping season 400,000 tons in goods moved through the canal. It is estimated that during the 1941 season the canal will carry in excess of 1,200,000 tons."

SUCH, in brief outline, is the colossal economic front allegedly created by the Four-Year Plan, to back up the efforts of Hitler's war machine. On the basis of this data, the Nazis seem definitely to have planned the organization of the European continent, including even Russia. By scientific production, total industrial and agricultural organization down to the minutest detail, it appears more self-sufficient than the world at large considered possible.

It must be remembered that the minute details of the imposing report were compiled by hundreds of minor Nazi officials, each out for a record and subsequent accolade. That it was submitted as factual to the Bureau of the Reich Chancellor there seems little doubt, but the Nazi capacity for overstatement grows apace under the flush of successful conquest. In many places the bastions herein portrayed may creak and crumble under the mighty crash of arms that is bound to come when Nazi Germany enters into its all-out war against the ever formidable British Empire.

As a document, however, it remains impressive in its representation of total economy as a foundation for total war.

THE END

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



CALNAN MEMORIAL TROPHY. Because it is awarded for excellence with the three types of weapons used in modern fencing—foil, sabre and épée—the Calnan Memorial Trophy is a coveted award in this interesting sport. It is presented annually to the National Championship Three-Weapon Team. Only fencers who have proved their superiority through a series of contests can get their names on the Calnan Trophy. They must be better than good!



ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasolines too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. Ethyl means a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power and smoothness throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.



THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

GREATER love hath no man . . .” The year of 1941 was but two weeks old when out of the deadly clatter of gunfire along Manhattan’s Fifth Avenue emerged an incident of civilian heroism that automatically marked a modest cab driver for nomination for the Liberty Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

Leonard Weisberg was the taxi driver; Patrolman Edward F. Maher, Traffic C, New York City Police Department, his friend. Only the doctors—who shook their heads when they first saw the wounded Weisberg—can tell you how desperately close the Jewish cabby came to laying down his life for the Irish patrolman he called his friend.

District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who in this issue nominates the courageous Weisberg for Liberty’s award, has said of the episode on Fifth Avenue:

“There has never been a case in my experience in which the civilians have helped the police in such a wonderful manner.”

And the incredible courage of mild-mannered Leonard Weisberg was the high light of that tragic case.

Shortly after high noon of wintry January 14, Alfred V. Klausman, fifty-five, office manager for Kemp & Beatley, Inc., a linen establishment at 6 East Thirty-fourth Street, left his office to go to a bank in the nearby Empire State Building. At the bank he obtained \$649.92. He left with the cash—in the form of a brown-paper-wrapped package tucked carefully under one arm.

As Klausman crossed east on Fifth Avenue to return to his office, two short, swarthy men unobtrusively trailed him.

They were brothers and they were bandits. They were a treacherous and murderous pair of cowards with police-blotter records and itchy trigger fingers. In their pockets they carried six guns and 150 rounds of additional ammunition. In their warped, antisocial minds, they carried a single idea: to obtain that brown-paper package.

Klausman reached the lobby of the small building that housed his firm, and pushed the button to summon the elevator. George Grebe, the operator, brought it to the first floor. A stranger entered the elevator with Klausman. Grebe was closing the door of the car when a second stranger rushed into the lobby and squeezed into the cage. Grebe turned to ask, “Floor, please?” He froze. Both men had drawn guns. One said, “Turn around, you.” Grebe turned.

Between the second and third floors there was a mild scuffle. Grebe, too terrified to turn, did not see the older of the bandit brothers put his gun against Klausman’s head and fire. He did hear the shot—and the thud of Klausman’s body on the floor of the elevator.

“Take her down,” snapped the man covering Grebe.

**BY FRED
ALLHOFF**



For Liberty’s Valor Award! A nomination, and the stirring story of friendship and courage behind it

On the street-level floor they ordered Grebe to go up again, with his dying passenger. As they dashed out into East Thirty-fourth Street, Grebe shot his elevator up to the third floor, where he summoned help.

The two wild-eyed murderers plunged across Thirty-fourth Street and entered a side entrance of the great B. Altman & Co. department store. Women shoppers screamed at the sight of guns in the hands of the two men. Several were knocked off their feet as the two murdering brothers—William and Anthony Esposito—trotted down the aisles, turned east, and went out the Madison Avenue entrance of the store.

There they jumped into the taxicab of thirty-two-year-old Isadore Eder, waved guns at him, and snarled:

“Get going fast or we’ll blow your brains out!”

Eder swung his cab from the curb—and directly behind a cross-town bus. The bandits raged.

“I can’t get going,” Eder said. “That bus is blocking me.”

Cursing, the Espositos abandoned the cab, ran north on Madison Avenue to Thirty-fifth Street, turned west.

It was at this corner that Patrolman “Eddie” Maher (who planned to retire shortly from the police force, on which he had put in twenty-eight years) was directing traffic.

And, near by on Thirty-fifth Street, was the apartment building before which Leonard Weisberg had his hack stand.

Weisberg, a quiet, college-educated, thirty-eight-year-old ex-salesman, dreamed of opening a business of his own. He and his wife, Barbara, had saved for that day since, nine years earlier, he had returned from the

West to take an outside job for his health. The cab he drove from eight in the morning until six at night was owned by another man, his partner.

All of the drivers in the neighborhood liked Patrolman Eddie Maher, but Weisberg, perhaps, grew closer to the genial traffic cop than any.

On the date of the Battle of Fifth Avenue—January 14, 1941—Eddie Maher was a little glum. Twenty years earlier, to the day, his young wife, Margaret, had died. He’d have felt a little better this day had he known that his son was even at the moment on a train that was bringing him from Holy Cross College to New York to visit his father.

At his traffic post, Patrolman Eddie Maher suddenly stiffened. He heard a whistle and the sound of running feet and the voice of a panting cab driver at his elbow:

“Stick-up guys! There they go!”

He spotted the two men running west on Thirty-fifth Street. He unholstered his gun and, followed by a fellow policeman, started in pursuit. Pedestrians were ducking, now, into convenient doorways. He saw that a shot would not be too risky. He dropped to one knee, took careful aim, squeezed the trigger.

Missed! He fired again. And this time, one leg of one of the fleeing men crumpled grotesquely and the man plunged head first on his face. The gun that had been in the man’s hand clattered against the sidewalk several feet in front of him.

Patrolman Maher saw that gun fall. Because he saw it fall, he was to die.

Other policemen came pounding up, and Maher waved them after the other bandit. The one he had shot lay on his stomach on the pavement,

AVENUE Hero

Weisberg re-
cuperating
in Florida.



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
COUNTY OF NEW YORK
February 3, 1941

Liberty Magazine
Chanin Building
122 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear, Sirs:

It gives me great pleasure to nominate Leonard Weisberg for the Liberty Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

Weisberg, a New York taxicab driver, was sitting in his cab in the heart of the shopping center when he heard the sound of pistol shots. Seeing his good friend, Patrolman Edward Maher, leave his traffic post and dash up the street, gun in hand, Weisberg jumped from his cab and followed him.

He arrived on the scene in time to see Patrolman Maher lean over a man huddled on the sidewalk. Suddenly there was a shot and then others. He saw the patrolman crumple.

Without thought of his personal safety, Weisberg leaped forward, threw himself at the killer, and tried to subdue him. There was another shot and this time Weisberg pitched forward beside the patrolman, with a bullet in his neck, which he still carries.

The unselfish courage displayed by Leonard Weisberg constituted a fine act of civilian assistance to a law-enforcement officer. Not only did he give the final proof of friendship, but in a larger sense, he re-kindled the flame of good citizenship and heroism in the hearts of all.

Sincerely yours,

Thomas E. Dewey
Thomas E. Dewey

left hand extended, right hand hidden under him. Maher holstered his own gun, ordered the crowd back, and took out a notebook. The wounded man's gun lay out of reach, and Maher assumed, naturally enough, that the fellow was disarmed.

It was at this instant that Leonard Weisberg came hurrying up. He had recognized his friend Maher; had abandoned two fares in his cab in order to see if he could help Eddie. As he approached, the wounded man suddenly stopped playing possum. He rolled over, and in his hidden right hand was a second gun.

Leonard Weisberg, horrified, heard the crash of three shots; saw his pal, Eddie Maher, recoil thrice as two bullets ripped into Maher's chest, the third into his stomach.

Weisberg could think of only one thing: to throw himself upon the man; to help his friend. As he hurtled blindly forward, the wounded bandit fired two more shots.

The first shot, at close range, sent a bullet into Weisberg's throat. The second missed him, struck in the shoulder William C. Mueller, a fifty-three-year-old bank guard and former marine, who was bravely com-

ing forward to help Weisberg subdue the wounded bandit.

Other civilians swarmed upon the wounded gunman. One of them a nineteen-year-old truck driver, Joseph Di Gregorio, snatched the gun from his hand as another bystander, Frank J. Nicholson, held the robber face down on the sidewalk.

The wounded bandit was William Esposito, twenty-eight.

Other police, meanwhile, had chased the second bandit brother across Fifth Avenue, where he disappeared in a crowded Woolworth store. They closed in on him and—as he tried to draw a gun—brought the butts of their own revolvers down upon his head. They searched and handcuffed him, found a second gun. A few minutes later he bit one of his guards, attempted to draw a third gun from beneath a trouser leg.

Grievously wounded Leonard Weisberg was taken to the hospital, where doctors, fearing that the time needed to get him upstairs to an operating room would result in his death, went to work in the emergency room. Newspapers reported that he was dying.

The sullen and snarling Esposito brothers were removed to the prison ward of Bellevue Hospital. As this is written they are awaiting trial.

Meanwhile, the great city of New York had taken Leonard Weisberg to its heart. The hospital at which he hovered between life and death was flooded with telephone inquiries concerning his condition. The New York Police Department—which had sent blood donors and special nurses to Weisberg's side within an hour after the shooting—likewise had instructed the hospital that it would pay all of the cabby's expenses there. In addition, he had been unanimously voted a cash award of \$1,000. The same provisions were made for William Mueller, the other civilian wounded as he attempted to assist Patrolman Maher.

A newspaper fund raised nearly \$1,000 in cash for Weisberg. A taxi manufacturer gave him a brand-new cab in which was a silver plaque recounting his heroism. He was nominated for the Carnegie Hero Award in a telegram that read:

"I believe this unselfish heroism on the part of Weisberg in risking his life for another merits your interest and attention. . . ."

A New York newspaper sent its monthly Hero's Award—a check for \$100—to him and gave a duplicate award to Patrolman Maher's sister.

It was more than two weeks after the shooting that Leonard Weisberg's throat wound permitted him to speak. When he did speak, his words were the quiet, modest words of a man who deserves the title of hero.

"I feel so honored," he said, "that every one has been so good to me. When I think it over, if it happened again tomorrow, I think I would do the same thing for Eddie Maher."

"Greater love hath no man . . ."

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY



This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

at their table. I am an enlisted man and know that I shouldn't sit with officers, so I politely declined. The girls think I snubbed them, my girl is sore at me, but I still think I did right. How about it?

*Private 1st Class, B. M. C.,
Camp Lee, Va.*

a soldier I would want to be in this thing just as he is, and I'm sure I could make him even more patriotic and loyal and interested in his country than he is now.

Miss R. T. M., Shreveport, La.

Why didn't you wait for a clue from the officers before you took the initiative? If they had seconded their girls' invitations, then it would have been discourtesy to have refused. There is no law to govern such a situation, simply custom, and that is modified according to the circumstances. You're not in the Prussian army.

Army Regulations state that enlisted men below Grade 4 (sergeant) may not marry while in federal service. There are several good reasons for this rule, one of them being the usual inability of an enlisted man to provide properly for a family on less than a sergeant's pay. Incidentally, marriage without permission does not entitle a man to a discharge before his enlistment expires. It may seem a tough rule in your own case, sister, but you'll have to grin and bear it.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

WE have been in the army fifteen months and we feel like two forgotten men. We are still buck privates and can't understand it, as we have done nothing out of the way. We have seen men get ratings with at least six months' less service and no more ability. We're not hand-shakers or gold-brickers.

Should selective service men get ratings before we do? We think the army is O. K., but, like any other normal Americans, we'd like to get ahead.

*Two Privates,
Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.*

Let's cut out the old baloney. You're no more anxious to get ahead than the army is to have you. You say you have done nothing out of the way: how much have you done in the way? You've got to prove that you're leaders and deserve ratings. And who told you that the lads who've beaten you out haven't more ability? Get wise to yourselves, take an honest inventory, and maybe you'll see what those other strippers have that you haven't.

Just as a matter of curiosity. . . . I heard an officer speak of the 27th as a square division. What did he mean? Are there round divisions?

*Private J. F. D.,
Fort McClellan, Ala.*

No; but there are both "square" and "triangular" divisions. The former is slightly larger, has two infantry brigades of two regiments each and a field artillery brigade of three regiments. The "triangular" division has three infantry regiments and four field artillery battalions. Practically, the "triangular" is a more mobile and responsive combat unit. All Regular Army divisions are now "triangular."

I went to a night club with a young lady, and we met some of her girl friends who were out with officers. The girl friends introduced us to the officers and insisted that we sit

Here's an idea for a cartoon: a tall guy with his feet hanging over one end of his bed while his head dangles over the other . . . and put my name right under it. No kidding, why don't they do something for us tall men in the way of blankets and beds? The only way I can get covered is to bend around like a pretzel, and, believe me, I feel like one every morning. Of course they could put all us lanky ones in the same outfit and then send us out in front to be shot first, but I hardly think that would solve the problem to my satisfaction. So there it is—either we get longer bunks or the army will be sprinkled with S-shaped soldiers.

*Corporal R. F. E.,
California National Guard.*

Here's a better idea: sleep with your socks and nightcap on and straighten out. (If you haven't slept in a pup tent you ain't felt nothin' yet.) Sympathy, slim.

Why should a private in this man's army be different than any other human being? Tell me the reason for the stupid rule that says he can't get married while in service. Only bad can result from a rule that deprives a man of what is rightly his, both naturally and legally. As the wife of

Will a selective service man who went in about the first of the year have a furlough this summer, and if so, for how long?

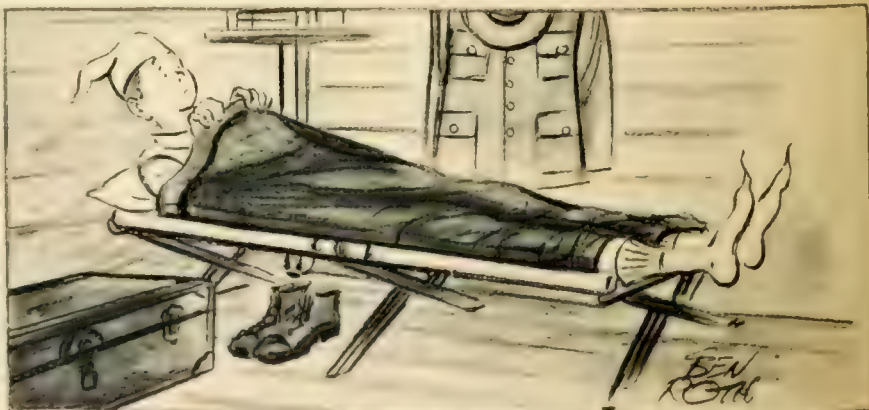
D. G. F., Ashland, Wis.

No. One-year men do not rate furloughs, although they may be granted longer passes at certain times, as they were over Christmas or New Year's in 1940 in order to get home. They rate seven special holidays in 1941: February 22, May 30, July 4, September 1, November 11 and 20, and December 25.

Let me voice my gripe against those "patriots" who are taking the service men for a ride. Just as an example, a local realty board has actually condemned a proposed federal project to erect quarters for the N. C. O.s at this base. They are worried about losing rentals. We are allowed only \$22.50 per month for quarters, and the average rent here is \$40.

*Married Soldier,
Orlando Air Base, Fla.*

That's enough to make any one mad. I understand that Washington is taking care of the situation as rapidly as possible, but it's gonna take time.



Sleep with your socks and nightcap on and straighten out.

NAVY



QUIZ

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY REAR ADMIRAL YATES STIRLING, JR.

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct Excellent
30 correct Good
25 correct Fair
20 correct Passing
Under 20 Failing

- 1—What is "sea power"?
- 2—How did the battleship get its name?
- 3—What is a cruiser?
- 4—How does the navy use an aircraft carrier?
- 5—In addition to carriers, what other ships carry planes?
- 6—Why are naval bases so important?
- 7—What types of airplanes does the navy use?
- 8—Why has a destroyer become so valuable today for war at sea?
- 9—What characteristic gives importance to the submarine, and why?
- 10—What is the derivation of the term "destroyer"?
- 11—What is a Fleet submarine?
- 12—Why is a navy so important to the United States?
- 13—What great nations lost their power in the world because of the defeat of their navies?
- 14—What is the derivation of the title "rear admiral"?
- 15—Whence the title "midshipman"?
- 16—What is the meaning of the naval expression "screening"?
- 17—How are big naval guns made?
- 18—What is "mooring ship"?
- 19—What is meant by "field day" on board a warship?
- 20—What do you understand by the term "fire control" in the navy?
- 21—What is the naval custom when personnel enter or leave a boat?

- 22—What is the "lucky bag"?
- 23—What is the "smoking lamp"?
- 24—Where do most of the men in the navy sleep?
- 25—What does a broom mean hoisted at a warship's masthead?
- 26—Who were the American naval officers credited with the following phrases: (1) "Don't give up the ship"; (2) "I have not yet begun to fight"; (3) "You may fire when ready, Gridley"; (4) "Blood is thicker than water"; (5) "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!"?
- 27—How do ranks and titles of the navy and army compare?
- 28—What is the caliber of the largest naval gun?
- 29—What is the significance of "Tell it to the marines"?
- 30—What is a marine in the navy?
- 31—Why is a merchant marine so important to the navy?
- 32—Can airplanes take the place of the great surface warships on the seas?
- 33—Can the submarine replace the large surface warships in controlling the seas?
- 34—What is the function of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis?
- 35—What is a line officer, a staff officer, in the navy?
- 36—Why are mines becoming less destructive?
- 37—Why have merchant-marine losses increased lately?
- 38—What would make it difficult for us, with our superior fleet, to wage a naval war in the Far East?
- 39—In case of war with Japan, how could our fleet operate against theirs?
- 40—What will be the value to our defense of the naval-base positions given to us by Great Britain?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

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"Fingernail Test no joke!"



IT'S S'POSED TO BE FUNNY when a girl jilts a clown for a lion tamer. But my pal the Strong Man don't laugh. "It ain't love," he claims, "it's that loose dandruff!" I tried the Fingernail Test. My scalp was gummy as circus mud!



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FOOTLOOSE

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, Twilight Cheats, etc.

READING TIME • 34 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN Lili Kettridge's grandmother dies, Lili's father, Shelley, an irresponsible artist, comes on from Arizona to be with her, and introduces her to Peter Higgins, a young Westerner who is studying law at N. Y. U. Lili likes Peter and hopes to see him again. She feels very much alone in the world, for her father soon goes back to his second wife and family, and her mother, divorced from Shelley when Lili was a child, lives in Florida.

Mrs. Kettridge, Sr., has left Lili all her money; but the house at Croton, with only Old Sawyer, the general factotum, there, seems grim and deserted. Lili goes back to college, and during Easter vacation visits her roommate in Florida.

With her goes Horace Rumford, with whom she has become friendly because he is an alumnus of N. Y. U. and she hopes, somehow, through him to meet Peter again. Horry, in love with the beautiful worldly Magda, who has just decided to marry Bugs Dourbon and the Dourbon money, gives a worthless check to pay his gambling debts. Lili covers the check, and later, when Horry is found beaten up, she offers to pay his hospital bills. Gossip immediately rears its head—she is accused of making Horry a gigolo—and her roommate's mother asks her to leave.

She doesn't mind going home now, however, because Peter Higgins is coming East again, bringing his orphaned niece, whom he intends to board somewhere in the country while he finishes his studies. On the day he is to arrive, Magda is staying with Lili, and announces that Horry is coming to see her.

Lili hardly pays any attention, so eager is she to see Peter.

She meets him at the station, and they find a place where Peggy, his small niece, can live. Then Lili invites Peter to see her house. When they arrive, Magda has left. Lili is showing Peter the rooms upstairs, when her

bedroom door opens and Horry, his hair tousled, looks out.

"I can explain," she gasps to Peter.
"You needn't bother," he replies.

PART THREE—"JUST AS BAD AS THEY THINK I AM"

LILI stared unbelievably from one man to the other.

"Who in tick is that?" Horry demanded.

"That," said Lili loudly and slowly, "is a lug named Peter Higgins who makes snap judgments on circumstantial evidence."

Higgins paused on the steps and faced her.

"Gee-golly, am I messing something?" Horry rumbled. He closed his eyes and felt his head. "What hit me, anyway? Oh—Magda! I think she smashed one of your lamps on me . . ."

But Lili withheld attention. She and Peter were eying each other, and Lili's chin was high.

"Do you suppose," she asked with fine contempt as she gestured toward Horry—"do you suppose if anything like this amounted to a serious affair that I'd have begged you to come see my home?"

Peter Higgins wet his lips and his hands pushed back his overcoat to rest on his hips in that familiar gesture of his.

"You're way out of my depth," Pete said. "I'm not your speed. I'm certain you're O. K., and I suppose I'm grateful and relieved. But if that's the company you keep, it lets me out. Way out."

"Who and what is he, babes?" Horry asked pettishly. "Want me to smack him down?"

"He's Mr. Prude from Prissville," Lili blazed, "and all I want you to do is clean up and go home. Both of you gentlemen know where the front door is. Use it!"

She turned half blindly into the guest room, closed the door and locked it. She stumbled through the darkness to the big canopied bed,

and flung herself down, sobbing childishly. She heard knocking and paid no attention. She heard their voices in the hallway, at first a rumble and then lifted angrily. But by the time she sat up they had stopped. There were sounds of hasty steps on the stairs, and then the slam of the door.

At the window she knelt down and rested her chin on her hands as she peered out. Through her tears she recognized the open greatcoat, the odd Western gait so unlike that of city men. Peter! She caught her breath and tapped feebly with one long fingernail on the windowpane. She wanted to call out that if he would wait she would drive him to the station. But she couldn't catch her breath in time, nor rise quickly enough to open the window.

Peter Higgins had gone. And what did it matter? He'd have a long walk to the station, and she hoped he'd be overheated when he reached his train and get a filthy cold. No, of course she didn't! But that certainly was the end of Peter Higgins, and good riddance. What right had he to misjudge her? You couldn't control your friends, could you? Their morals were their morals, not yours. And Peter Higgins could misjudge, and the nurse and patients could gossip about a perfectly harmless party, and her Florida hostess could threaten mild social ostracism; and hadn't any of them ever become involved themselves, or were they perfect?

She sat on the bed dolefully. Again footsteps on the stairs and the banging of her front door. Lili got to her feet and put on a light. On her floor, near the door, was a note.

She shivered and glanced out the window, but it was too dark to see much. Now she was all alone in Gran's house. And Old Sawyer wouldn't be back until dawn! Well, she'd lock up and go to New York.

As she crossed and picked up Horry's note, she heard the sound of a car starting. Startled, she hurried to the window and pushed it open in

She felt herself being
picked up, and put her
hand around his shoulder.



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time to see the taillights of her own roadster disappear down the driveway. She stamped her foot in rage. That was Horry for you!

"Simply can't hoof it to the station, babes," his note explained. "But I'll pay somebody to bring your car back. Terribly sorry and all that, but I'll make it all up to you—if you'll let me. I'll even marry you if you insist. But if he's the reason you've been haunting N. Y. U., the place sure has deteriorated. I don't think he's even heard that scandals is the name of a show."

Lili's lips quivered into a smile. He was all right, Horry was. A louse perhaps, but a nice one. She leaned back on the bed and wiped her cheek sleepily. Everything around smelled wonderfully of Gran. What was it? Lavender bags in bureau drawers, pomander balls in closets, all mixed into the good soap smell of home-laundered sheets and dried in the sun—"God's sun and fresh air should dry the wash," Gran always said. "And I'll stick to that, thank you, and a plague on modern efficiency."

Funny how a woman who fought for social progress could harp so on old-fashioned ways. "The closer we stick to nature. . . ."

Ah, Gran at the head of a table telling large gatherings of women how they should think and what they should do. "An infant who is bottle-fed is cheated," she would announce sagely. "Fed on a formula, never knowing natural nourishment, how could they psychically know the truth of anything?" That was when Gran had gone beyond science and taken up cults and metaphysics, so maybe she was a little unbuttoned. But the old girl had something there. How could a formula-fed kid ever recognize a basic truth?

LILI woke with violent poundings in her ears and sat bolt upright, blinking. It took her a few moments to recognize the guestroom. She called out the window, frightened, still half asleep:

"Who's there?"

"Bleakers, miss."

"Bleakers?" she echoed.

"Officer Bleakers. Is that Miss Kettridge?"

"Yes, of course. Are you the same officer that came here last night? There's no party here tonight. There's nobody here at all."

"I see." There was a pause. "Did you know your door was open? May I come up and speak to you?"

"Certainly." She got hastily to her feet and crossed to the bureau with hurried gestures of setting her hair and face to rights. She certainly showed marks of crying. She noted Horry's message and smiled as she turned to face the officer who was heavily climbing her stairs. He had a flashlight in his hand, and she laughed.

"Guess I didn't have the lights on," she greeted him. "I've been asleep."

She snapped on the hall lights as

she spoke, and became painfully aware of the policeman's scrutiny. He was a nice man, fleshy but hard. You had an unpleasant suspicion he could be a very unnice man at practically any moment. But he wanted to be nice now.

"Are you all right, Miss Kettridge?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, I'm fine," she assured him. "Just—er—rumped. Eh—didn't you ever fall off to sleep with your clothes on? Just so tired?"

"Sure. But you were sleeping so soundly that they couldn't rouse you by phone."

"Oh. Well, I was in *there*, in the guestroom—and the phone is in here, you see." She threw open her own bedroom door, and as she reached to the wall switch she added: "Come in and have a cigarette and tell me what's what."

SHE stopped short, furious with herself at what the lights revealed.

Why hadn't she remembered? Her room hadn't been made up all day. The beds where she and Magda had loafed late were rumped; ash trays were unemptied; towels, cups and saucers, a glass bearing the chalky remains of Magda's bromo-seltzer. But, chiefly, her bed lamp—the lovely one of a Dresden Little Boy Blue that Gran had given her—lay smashed between the ends of the beds. . . . She recalled Horry's saying Magda had hit him with it. . . .

"Would you wait for me downstairs?" she asked a little shakily. "I won't be but a little minute."

Officer Bleakers stood a moment, and she forced herself to meet his eyes.

"Right," he said, and turned away.

Hastily she closed her bedroom door and went into the bathroom. She sloshed water over her face and dabbed on a swift round of make-up. With one gesture she pulled her dress over her head and tossed it on the floor. In her closet she snatched a blue housecoat, stepped into it, and zipped it up the front. A few sweeps of the hairbrush and she was through.

Officer Bleakers was still descending the staircase, his flashlight in use, when she joined him. That annoyed her faintly; but she talked fast, lighting the house as she went. In the living room she offered him a cigarette and lit one herself.

"Now," she said brightly, "what brought you here?"

The man stood at the fireplace, his shoulders against the mantel, and smiled at her reassuringly.

"Where's Ben Sawyer?" he asked.

"Taking his relatives home. He won't be back until almost breakfast time. They live way up Connecticut."

Officer Bleakers took a drag of his cigarette.

"Miss Kettridge, I've known your grandmother since I was in knee pants. I used to deliver magazines to her. She was a wonderful woman."

"I know. And—I'm not?"

"Point is, if you're in trouble,

why don't you just tell me about it? I'll do anything I can to help you."

She laughed with a pleased catch in her voice. She wanted to rub his cheeks for him and thank him for being such an old sweetheart. But she guessed he wouldn't like that.

"You're very nice, but I'm not in trouble, officer. Not at all. Things look a mess here—I'd forgotten my room hadn't been made up."

"Looked to me like a fight, up in that room."

"Oh, no. Just a couple of friends of mine who were here—a little rumpus. I don't know—some people just have to throw something when they're mad. I just wish Magda hadn't picked the lamp Gran gave me, is all. You must have met Magda last night. Anyway, she's going to marry the Dourbon boy. And there's another chap in love with her, and he doesn't like the idea, and I guess she just got mad—you see? I wasn't here."

"Oh, you weren't?"

"No; I was out. And when I got back I found this chap—poor old monkey, he looked a sight."

"So I gather. So did several other people who saw him at the station."

"Oh?"

"He took your car."

"Yes. He left me a note he'd send it back."

WELL, I brought it back just now. Maybe you don't realize it's midnight. The young man phoned our police department when he couldn't get you on the phone. He explained that your car had had a flat a mile from the station, and he had just caught his train. He asked if we wouldn't have your car fixed and return it, and just check if you were all right."

"I suppose he meant well," she sighed.

"Miss Kettridge, I know you haven't been drinking."

"Me? Why, of course not!" Her eyes flashed.

"Look, now. I think you're a nice kid, see? But you're all alone and you're stepping rather high."

"No, I'm—"

"Point is, I have daughters of my own, you know. If you're in trouble—well, I told you I'll help you every way I can."

"What makes you think I'm in trouble?"

"That note he left you."

"Note? Oh, the note! Did you—do you always go around reading people's private things?"

"When I think it's in the line of duty. Look—why do you want to get sore? Didn't I just offer to be your friend?"

She shook her head in bewilderment. "All right." She shrugged prettily. "I'm not sore. So now you know everything. And that's all there is to it."

His lips tightened harshly.

"Are you going to marry him?"

She squinted at him—and remembered!

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"Oh!" she exploded, appalled. "You mean what he said in the note? About—about even marrying me if I insisted? Oh, Lord! That's a *joke*! I mean—it was just his way of being funny and ashamed that things happened as they did. You see—it's our kind of—well, I don't know—dam-foolish humor, I guess." She stood up and went over to him. "Officer Bleakers, there's nothing in the world like that. I'm not in any kind of trouble with any man."

She paused and caught her breath. She put out her hand and he took it.

"Isn't it awful how things look to people so often? Like last night's party. And tonight—golly, I don't blame you for what you thought!"

"Well, I'm mighty glad things are O. K. We'll just forget the whole business."

"Gee, you're swell, know it?"

"Well, here's the key of your car."

"Wouldn't you stay for a cup of coffee with me?"

"No; I got my rounds. Good night, Miss Kettridge. And if you ever run into a real jam, don't forget Bleakers."

At the door he said slowly:

"You know, I don't think you should be alone so much. It's not natural—unanchored."

"What can I do? Hire some relatives, like they do in the movies?"

"You might get married and settle down."

"Everybody says that," she sighed. "The only man I've ever yenned for just doesn't go for me."

"Well, he's nuts, then," said Officer Bleakers, and went out.

FOR a while Lili considered all that had just taken place. She tore up Horry's note and went out on the big veranda to sit on the railing and look at the stars. She really must do something serious and scheduled with her life, so people would approve. She shivered and went into the house. She cleaned up around the living room, and then went upstairs and set about righting her own bedroom. When that was finished she brought down the laundry to the basement, and all the messy dishes to the kitchen, where she washed them carefully.

It was two o'clock and she was wide awake, pulses beating for action. No earthly use of driving into New York at such an hour. No use phoning people, either.

She decided she was tearing hungry, and she fixed herself a tray of cold cuts, a leg of chicken, heaps of potato salad and sliced tomato. Old Sawyer had left everything so nicely arranged in pretty layers, the salad appetizingly decorated with chips of pepper and pimento. . . . On the tray she put a whole bottle of milk, and, carefully tucking her long blue gown up under one elbow, she made her way upstairs. She ran her tub while she nibbled the chicken leg, but reserved the real feast until she was bathed and briskly rubbed and in her nightie and

negligee. Then she got out all her records and started the phonograph. She sat on the floor beside it and sang with the records between mouthfuls. All her old favorites—Starlight, Begin the Beguine, I've Got You Under My Skin, Lydia the Tattooed Lady, Sweetheart of Sigma Chi. . . . Then a silly old favorite, one side of the platter The Three Trees, which she recited in unison, pleased that she remembered it so perfectly, and on the other side, No News, or What Killed the Dog. . . .

Until she was startled by a shower of gravel at her window and turned off the record hastily. She opened the window and stared down on Officer Bleakers.

"You all right?" he said.

"Look, you played that scene last night," she said playfully. "I'm fine."

"Are you alone?"

"Why, of course I'm alone. If you don't believe me, come up and snoop. I've been playing records."

"Of course I believe you," said Officer Bleakers flatly. "It's just quarter of six in the morning."

"Well, I'm just going to bed."

"Um-m-m. O. K. Just thought I'd check you were safe and sound before I went back to the station."

"Thank you," she said dully, and closed the window.

She put out all the lights and slowly lowered shades and put away her records. Her tray she left out in the hall, with a note for Old Sawyer not to wake her.

She got into bed and closed her eyes. They stung hotly with tears. God knows what that cop believed! It's wrong to play music at hours that other people don't play music, is it? That's very suspicious, that is. . . . And if you said, "Oh, Bleakers, you're something sent from heaven! I'm numb with loneliness. Come on in and listen with me. Come on in and tell me about being a cop and selling my Gran magazines when you were in knee pants," why, that would cinch everything evil he surmised, wouldn't it? It might be human, but that would pin The Worst on Lili Kettridge, who is so very young and so very rich and so very popular and is stepping too high. . . .

She turned over and mashed her face into a pillow so that he would not hear her idiotic sobs if he were still prowling around below.

IT was nearly noon when she woke. She lay heavily for a long while, looking around. There was a flat-iron being rigorously run across her head, taking out the creases, no doubt. When you fall asleep crying, your eyes and your head need a good ironing, and the blood-rush of consciousness does it for you. Dutifully, like Mrs. Robbins, who clamped your blouses so the sleeves stuck.

Old Sawyer was moving about downstairs quite noisily; evidently he hoped to wake her. Lili sat up carefully and reached for a hand mirror. It was one of the odd habits

she had learned from Gran. Poor Gran had been downright homely in her austere, whistle-clean, well coifed way, but she had always kept a hand mirror beside her bed. To nudge herself into furious activity, so that she might compensate for being plain?

Lili sighed. She didn't look so bad. A shower would take the flatiron away. Coffee and make-up. . . . She reached out and upped the nearest window shade. The sunlight was dazzling. She would go out into those hills and get a lot of fresh air. No, she would go into New York and call people up and go somewhere noisy. . . .

THREE more days until spring term began. Would she go back to college? Of course; because she had no sense to think of something better to do. It would be a relief to be back in college. And when that was over—what about all summer? She could visit people and have people visit her, and run a few raffles and bazaars, and tutor in something, and join a lot of sports and tournaments. Listen to news commentators and be frightened about the world you lived in.

She got up and took a shower. No sooner had the water well stopped than there was knocking at her door. Wouldn't you think Old Sawyer would wait until she rang? No. Gran had always had the same hills and get a lot of fresh air. No, trouble with him; he ran the Kettridges, they didn't run him. Which infuriating.

Lili called out sweetly, masking her indignation—not that he would have cared:

"Yes, I'm awake. Just coffee. Isn't it a beautiful day?"

"Miss Lili—there's some messages I'm puttin' under your door. And a young man is waiting to see you."

Wrapped in a towel, Lili tiptoed to her door. The messages said that Mr. Higgins had phoned four times that morning. She reached over to ring her bell wildly, and then flung on a robe. She had her door open before Old Sawyer appeared.

"Where is he—what young man?" she whispered hoarsely.

"Mr. Higgins. Dunno where he is. He won't stay put."

"He! What? Oh, Sawyer!" She threw out her arms to embrace him, and the old man stiffened longsufferingly. Lili hugged him until she was aware of his embarrassed disapproval. Even as she released him she whispered ecstatically: "Have you talked to him? Isn't he beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" Old Sawyer echoed thinly. "I like daisies better."

"Oh, hurry me coffee," she urged, and closed the door on him.

Then she sighed. Why should she feel rompy and wildly gay because a Peter Higgins had shown up? A high-minded rustic, that's all he was, come to apologize for yesterday's oops-pardon. So what? He could wait while she took her good time about dressing, and, what's more,

she would wear her most unattractive, her most scullion . . .

But she was dressed when coffee arrived, and she gulped it while she tied up sneakers.

Pete Higgins was in the living room. Beside him was a worn notebook in which he had obviously made sketches of architectural points of Gran's house. He was reading Gran's book, *Giving and Sharing*.

"Good afternoon," he drawled. "Do you always sleep this late? Or were you just punishing me?"

"No; I didn't get to bed until six." She realized instantly, as she shook hands, that the remark irked him. But she thought better of her quick desire to explain. Let him think what he pleased.

"Oh. Well, I was determined to see you." He smiled. It was the kind of smile that made you think of running together, hand in hand—preferably along a beach with just the wind and the waves. "I'm glad you're not the kind that was hanging me on a nail. Though I was willing to hang until I could tell you I was sorry about last night."

"Forget it," shrugged Lili, and lit a cigarette.

"No. I thought about it a whole lot, and your Mr. Prude from Prissville was justified. I—"

"Don't be so young," Lili said starchily, and stretched herself under her green overalls.

"I'm afraid I have to be," Peter told her, with a grin. "Men mature more slowly."

Her smile deepened into appreciative laughter.

"O. K., Peter—you win. And I'm glad. I hope you always win."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Don't flirt with me, Lili."

"Why?" She caught her breath and tossed her head insolently. "It's a good act. A very good act. It always gets return engagements."

"Just cut it with me. Because I—like you."

"Thanks, Peter." She turned, her gray eyes seeking his with simple candor. "Tell me . . ."

"No. Let me tell you something first, will you?"

"Sure."

"I'm mighty glad I met you the night of your Gran's funeral."

"Are you, Peter?"

"Yes, because I doubt if I would have believed how you really are. You're just one of the many now. A little better, all around. The pattern they cut from, perhaps. But if I hadn't seen that kid for myself, sturdy, sweet, all swaddled in black and keeping back the tears . . ."

"You stopped those. With your dancing. And the way you laughed."

His eyes were narrowed, feeding on her.

"I'll never forget the heartache in your eyes whenever you looked at your father," he said softly.

"Well—he told me I was too sturdy and too sweet. He told me I was like

a cup custard and looked like a reproach to normal people."

"Damn Shelley's tongue. Too bad he can't paint with it. I'd like to tell you a few things. That's really why I came out here today."

Lili folded her arms over her chest and squeezed herself gently. *He's making love to me*, she told herself wildly. *Don't budge; you might make a false move. Here it is now—the first time—and the right man . . .*

But he seemed to be waiting for something—or struggling with himself.

"Didn't you—bring Peggy out?" she half whispered, not at all off-hand.

"Sure," he nodded, and swallowed hard. "She's all settled at Mrs. Robbins'."

"I—I never thought you'd come back."

"Why not? It's swell country. It's reasonable. A perfect set-up for Peggy. . . . And—you're here."

SHE smiled, but now he turned away and from his pocket he took a package of cigarettes and lit one. "I don't want you to get me wrong, Lili."

"Why? Doesn't it mean anything to you—that I'm here?"

"No," he said flatly, and turned to her. "It can't. Not for years. I have my studies to finish, my degree to get, bar exams to pass, a career to start—and what the hell, I may be in the army before any of it. I have Peggy to take care of, and I'm not too hot at supporting myself. I know I'm crazy about you. Maybe I'm in love with you. Not as you are these days—but as you were when I first met you. Whether I'm in love or not, I wouldn't inflict myself on any girl with my future a grab bag. Get it?"

"I get—what you mean," she said slowly.

"That's good." He smiled. "It's rather a dose to say. And so is the rest. I mean—about why I felt it's good to be near you. Not that you're here much of the time; nor will I be, for that matter. But it's your base. And it might help you if it were mine too."

"Help me?"

"Uh-huh. I rather think you need help. I don't really know the people you're mixed up with, but as I get the picture, it's off center."

"They're not a bad lot, Peter."

"No. I made some inquiries about that Horace Rumford."

"You did? From whom?"

"From several people—chiefly from him."

"I bet he gave you a crushing autobiography."

"He did. I wish you'd cut him off your list."

"He's nothing to me. I'm just sorry for him. And he's high fun at times."

"Look—I have no earthly right, but I wish you'd drop him."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously."

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"O. K. Horry's dropped—poor devil."

"You mean it?"

"Sure I mean it," she said gravely.

"Not that I mean to criticize—or misjudge . . ."

"I understand. You're very sweet, Peter."

"Maybe I'm just selfish. Maybe I need a friend myself. But we might sort of be glad to know there's some one around who will patch up the fence and make the rounds."

She looked up at him, not guessing that her face was filled with the childlike seeking that had won him on their first meeting. She only knew that his own large face was filled with all the qualities one wanted in manhood. However fleeting, you wanted to catch sight of them occasionally, and know they were there. They vanished swiftly now at her gaze, leaving only fumbling eyes and a sheepish smile.

"O. K.?" he said.

"O. K.," she nodded, and squeezed herself tighter. Then, flushing, she whispered: "Shall we seal it with a kiss?"

He laughed softly and brought a large fist playfully up to her nose.

"Like hell. We may end it that way—some day."

She laughed a little boisterously, and sat on the table to admire his sketches with voluble chatter that cleared the atmosphere. Then she put her hand suddenly on his.

"When can I meet little Peggy?"

"Right now, if you wish. She's probably having lunch and then going to have a nap. I've got the day free. I feel like lunch—but no nap. How about it?"

"I could warble. What would you like in place of a nap?"

"What would you do—if I weren't here?"

"Just do nothing and get into trouble for it." She laughed. "Tell me, what would you like?"

"Personally, I'm spoiling for some exercise."

"Do you ride? Well, of course; you come from the West. Look! What's left of our horses are down at Durnham's stables. He's selling them off when and as he can. Shall I call him, huh? You can borrow some jeans from Old Sawyer."

OLD SAWYER listened, supplied, counseled and suggested. He went outside with them, himself headed for an afternoon of marketing. Lili laughed tenderly over a bicycle leaning against the garage. What a person, this Peter Higgins! He couldn't afford a car, but on his first morning in the country he had bought a secondhand bike to get about with. . . . Now he slid under the steering wheel of her big roadster and drove expertly. He already knew a short cut between Gran's estate and Mrs. Robbins' house.

Peggy was not a pretty child, nor a friendly one. Lili longed to do things to her—to brush the stringy hair, to fix the droopy drawers, and

cut the grimy fingernails. But Peggy was not easy to approach. She was a youngster who gathered herself up behind her face and gawked expressionlessly at one. She clung with suction tenacity to whatever part of her uncle's anatomy was presented, and managed only one painful "how-dew."

The visit was short, and on the drive to the stables Pete talked with grave tenderness about his niece. She was not a strong child; he only hoped she would never fall prey to her parents' lung weakness. His sister had perforce neglected the little girl in the past year of tragedy and final illness. No, the new baby hadn't lived either, and perhaps that was just as well. But the kid Peggy had had her overshare of sorrow in her six short years. Now he was going to see things were different for her.

Then they were in their saddles and off through the Croton hills. The sun was harsh aluminum suffering with a hangover from glinty winter, unable to meet the spring which spread through the trees and mossy paths like a pleasant gas streaming up from the earth as it stirred under its covers. There were chill moments when the sun rode behind the clouds and the faraway whistle of a train seemed out of the world. They rode slowly, pensively, testing out the condition of their horses. They dismounted twice to readjust Lili's saddle, and to linger once at the discovery of arbutus. Their ears and noses became cold and reddened, and the rest of them was very warm. They sang a little, in snatches, and talked disconnectedly. They heard a factory whistle marking the end of a working day, and with mutual agreement, with quick smiling nods of their heads, they broke into a gallop.

LILI led the way because she knew the bypaths from childhood, and she knew her horse and the smell of him, and could ride for long moments with her eyes closed, her head reeling with memories. But months had passed since Lili had taken those inner ways, and she saw a barrier too late—not really wanting to accept it when she finally recognized it for what it was, or the house newly being built beyond it. She reined too swiftly—and was thrown.

She screamed as she was flung into the air—screamed with all her power. And was glad, because she instinctively knew it was a sign she could not be seriously hurt. Even after she landed with a thud, she knew there was nothing serious. Just shaken and scratched. If it were serious she wouldn't feel pain at first. Nor would she tremble violently as she tried to turn over. She was trembling because of a voice she heard, calling her name—calling her name with choked wild endearments. . . . She was trembling because she heard Peter's footsteps coming closer, and felt him bend over her. She wished her face wasn't bleeding; she had landed in briars, and their scratches

were what stung so painfully. She managed to tell Peter that she was all right, but he didn't seem to hear. She felt herself being picked up, and she put her gloved hand around his shoulder and clung to him. . . .

He had her in the half-finished house and had lit a candle on a bench near by. He was bathing her face. When she spoke to him, he laughed at her and told her she had no broken bones. But there were tears in his eyes as she raised herself on her elbow and reached out to touch his hair.

"I know," she whispered. "I'm just—shaken up. I've been thrown more times—than an old ball. Wouldn't you—think—I'd bounce by now?"

"Shut up, darling," he said.

"Sure. Just let me get to my feet."

"No."

"Don't you know that's the best way?"

He nodded. She wondered why they both whispered as she caught at his sleeve and let him hoist her upwards. She leaned against the wall and laughed softly. The house smelled nice of new lumber. But the room went around a little. Not much. She stepped out, and smiled at Peter, who looked strange and dear in the candlelight. She walked over to the window, and moved within herself, feeling her body intact.

"Look!" she whispered loudly.

Peter joined her at the window, and she pointed outside to a new moon, low and spring-pale in the sky. She was glad of the strong clasp of his arms around her, and she lifted her face to his.

"I love you," she told him, generously, fullheartedly.

She was shaken by her own words; she hadn't intended to speak them. But she meant them. There wasn't any particular reason why she should feel so sure the quest was ended in his presence, but she did. She didn't know him very well, but she didn't have to. Even the startled expression of his large face at her words as he bent toward her didn't matter, because he didn't understand. But then, nobody really understood anything about love. . . .

DO you know what you're saying?" he asked gently.

She shook her head and sighed—sighed with the safe refuge of being so close to him.

"No," she told him. "But it's true, Peter. And it isn't just because I'm lonely and lost—which I am. I've longed and longed for months to hear from you."

"Lili!"

After a moment she said in a hushed tone: "Just kiss me again, Peter, and we'll go. We've got to go."

"Lili, I told you I didn't know if I was in love with you, but I was a liar. If you wanted to hear from me all these months, I've been awake nights, trying to forget you."

"Say it, then—just once," she

asked with simple sweetness and a great need.

"I love you," he said.

THE candle was very low when she walked again across the room and out. She sat on the back step of somebody's new house. When Peter joined her she said firmly:

"Go away, Peter."

He bent over her anxiously.

"Oh, come now, Lili."

"Don't!"

"Why?"

"Because I'm—frightened."

"Now, wait a minute. You're all—"

"You wouldn't understand what I am," Lili said furiously. "And most of all you don't understand what I'm not. So, for decency's sake, go away! I know my way home, if I don't know anything else. You needn't worry about me and I'm all right. You said some day we'd end it with a kiss. And now we have."

He stood off—barely discernible in the darkness.

"Lili—you'll be sorry."

"I'm sorry already. Go away."

She leaned up against somebody's back door and listened to the crunch of his boots through bramble and dirtway. Listened to the sounds of his mounting.

"Lili!" he called to her—half angry, half pleading.

She shut her lips firmly and put the back of her palm against them.

She heard the horse's hoofs turning. Then the sound of hoofbeats, deeper and deeper into the woods, away from her.

With a deep sob, she turned back into the empty house. She did not cry. Her breath came irregularly, but she did not cry. She merely listened to echoes in the new wood that cracked in the night cold . . . echoes she could never forget:

"Lili—I'm desperately sorry. . . ."

And she had asked—befuddled, warm, shocked: "Sorry, Peter?"

She shivered and knelt by the candle. She could hear him say something—*something* about being human. And she had known instantly she didn't want to hear—because she wanted to hear words of love and not apology; words of reassuring tenderness and not of stammering shame. So she had made her way out to the night air and some one's future back step where the milk would be left.

"Now I'm just as bad as they all think I am," she said aloud to the candle. "Now they can suspect anything they want of me."

She leaned forward and blew out the candle and whispered fiercely:

"After all, my dear, Mr. Higgins was only human!"

Will Peter take Lili's word for it that this is the end? And will Lili be able to forget him? Despair and scandal darken the skies in the next chapter of this vivid story of a girl who tried to silence the promptings of her heart.

40 Answers by Admiral Stirling to his questions on page 33

1—This term was first used by Admiral Alfred T. Mahan to define a nation's sea strength. It is composed of three elements: The fighting weapons, bases for the weapons, a merchant marine.

2—From the fact that battleships fight in a concentrated formation called a battle line.

3—A lightly armored ship of high speed, used for scouting, harassing smaller warships, and destroying commerce.

4—As a mobile airfield. It carries about eighty planes.

5—Each battleship carries two planes, and cruisers as many as four.

6—Naval bases, including navy yards, submarine bases, and air bases, might be considered the guns from which naval weapons, as projectiles, are fired.

7—Large long-range patrol and bombing seaplanes from shore bases; scouting and spotting planes from battleships and cruisers; bombers, torpedo-firing, and fighting planes from carriers.

8—Being agile and fast and fitted with listening devices, it can locate a submerged submarine and drop depth charges upon it. Destroyers are invaluable in guarding merchant-ship convoys from submarine attack.

9—It cannot be overwhelmed by concentrations upon it. It can run a blockade, even enter harbors, without being discovered. It can sink the biggest ships.

10—From a contraction of "torpedo-boat destroyer."

11—A large high-speed submarine capable of accompanying the fleet across oceans, also of operating on enemy coast and remaining long away from a base.

12—We have outlying possessions to defend. The United States can be invaded only across the oceans. Our trade by sea can be made secure only with the navy. A strong navy and air force will give assurance that we shall not be attacked.

13—In ancient times, Athens and Carthage. In more recent times, Holland, Spain, and France met defeat by Britain's naval power. Germany's naval power could not cope with Britain's in 1914-18.

14—In the days of sail this title was given to the officer in command of a fleet's rear squadron.

15—From "amidships man," employed to repeat orders to and from the high fore-castles and raised poops of the great sailing ships of the line.

16—The use of warships, generally destroyers, ahead and on the flanks of a fleet to protect it from attack.

17—By the build-up system in which the parts of the gun are shrunk one over the other. From the inside, they are: The liner, the tube, the gun hoops, and locking rings. The liner is rifled.

18—A vessel is moored when it has let go two anchors at a considerable distance apart and then has equalized the scope of chain on each anchor so that the ship's bow is held midway on the line between them.

19—A general "house cleaning," done on Friday to be ready for the captain's inspection of ship on Saturday.

20—The direction and control, by a trained group of personnel, of the gunfire of a ship.

21—Juniors get in a boat ahead of, and leave it after, their seniors.

22—All clothes found lying around are put in a safe place called the "lucky bag." At intervals it is opened for men to claim their belongings.

23—Before matches were invented a lamp was lighted at times when smoking was permitted. The navy still uses signs: "Smoking lamp lighted," "Smoking lamp out."

24—In canvas hammocks, slung to hooks on covered decks.

25—That the ship has been successful in some undertaking.

26—(1) Commodore James Lawrence when mortally wounded in the battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon in the War of 1812; (2) John Paul Jones when asked if he had surrendered; (3) Dewey, at Manila Bay; (4) Commodore Tatnall when ordering his gig's crew to man a British gunboat's guns at which the crews had been killed, to return the fire from a Chinese fort; (5) Farragut at Mobile Bay when a ship had struck a mine, then called a torpedo.

27—Ensign corresponds to second lieutenant; junior lieutenant to first lieutenant; lieutenant to captain; lieutenant commander to major; commander to lieutenant colonel; captain to colonel; rear admiral (junior) to brigadier general; rear admiral (senior) to major general; vice-admiral to lieutenant general; admiral to general.

28—Sixteen-inch caliber.

29—Once used to insinuate that a statement was so untrue that no one but a marine would believe it. There was a great jealousy then between sailors and marines.

30—He is a member of the marine corps of the navy. Marines on board ship are employed in police duties, as sentries and orderlies. They also man guns, usually those of smaller caliber. The marine guard renders honors to distinguished visitors arriving aboard, and may be landed to suppress disorders and to guard American citizens.

31—A navy in war needs many merchant ships to supply the fleets with fuel, stores, and ammunition—and this at a time when the nation's merchant shipping is in great demand for other urgent purposes.

32—No. Surface warships will be needed to guard merchant ships, which airplanes can destroy but cannot guard. Airplanes are dependent upon the land and the sea for their support. They are thus auxiliary weapons of land and naval forces.

33—No. Like the airplane, the submarine can commit great havoc but cannot guard a nation's shipping. The great surface warships give security to their destroyers operating against submarines.

34—It educates officers for duty in the line of the navy, supply corps, construction corps, civil engineer corps, and marine corps.

35—A line officer of the navy is one who has been trained for general naval commands. Staff officers command only in their specialties.

36—Because of the knowledge of how to avoid striking them, and of anti-mine inventions fitted to ships.

37—Mostly because of insufficient number of British destroyers to guard merchant ships in convoy, and to hunt down German submarines.

38—The United States has no adequate naval bases of its own from which to wage a naval war in the Orient.

39—By using the British naval bases at Singapore and Hong Kong. If Japan should declare war, that would make us partners with Britain.

40—Each of these locations, when bases are built, will project our naval and air defense to a considerable distance in the Atlantic and toward a possible attack on our hemisphere from Europe. Those in the West Indies are most valuable to guard the Panama Canal.



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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

THE only newspaper in town belongs outright to the Women's Club, is edited entirely by women, owns its own new building, pays dividends to the club, has been successful as a women's enterprise for more than twenty years. . . . Such is the noteworthy achievement of the Scarsdale Inquirer, Scarsdale, New York (population 13,000). The Inquirer, a weekly, averages sixteen pages, sells for seven cents, has a circulation of 2,200, and you can bet it carries plenty of ads. The club ladies see to that in their sweet but businesslike way.

"We have a little trouble finding iniquities to crusade against," says editor Ruth Nash Chalmers. "In a prosperous commuters' town," she told me, "there isn't much dirt to clean up, which makes it hard to get exciting news. Scarsdale is so respectable that even the police sergeants say tut-tut if we look for anything unseemly on their blotters."

Though Mrs. Chalmers relies largely on society notes and write-ups of local interest, she has conducted at least one reform campaign that I think merits wide attention. An epidemic of reckless driving flared up. Merchants' delivery cars were the chief offenders. Instead of blaming the drivers, the Inquirer blasted its wrath upon careless housewives who neglect to phone the stores until the last minute, then demand their orders rushed to them in a breakneck hurry. Storekeepers fear to disoblige good customers. Delivery cars go speeding through the streets. Crashes occur. Whose fault is it? The newspaper of the Scarsdale Women's Club points an accusing finger at the forgetful housewife. Because of our national clamor for traffic safety this is an important idea.

☆ Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Ruth Chalmers is the daughter of a preacher, granddaughter of a preacher, sister of a preacher, niece of a preacher, wife of a preacher, daughter-in-law of a preacher, sister-in-law of a preacher. Did you ever hear of a lady with more clerical men-folk? Yet she's not given to sermonizing. "It just made me a trained listener," she declares. One day the local Republican Committee protested that they were not getting enough space. Next day the Democratic Committee sent in the same complaint. Mrs. Chalmers resorted to an old New England saying she learned from one of her aunts: "If you took out your eyes and stuck them on sticks, you couldn't please some people!"

☆ Jarmila Novotna, new



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Metropolitan Opera star, has imbued her two small daughters with the theater tradition that stage folk in an audience always must applaud any performance. On a recent Sunday, young Jarmila, age seven, strayed away from her nurse in Central Park. A posse of cops and nursemaids set off to hunt for her. Traced her to a near-by church—large church full of fashionable worshipers. Just as the choir service ended, the cops and nursemaids romped in. Discovered little Jarmila, faithful to her mother's code, standing up in a rear pew, clapping her hands and shouting, "Bravo, bravo!"

☆ In her new book, *Carving the Easy Way* (published by M. Barrows & Company), Lily Haxworth Wallace covers the subject expertly and thoroughly, even showing us how to sharpen knives by hand or by patent sharpener. Her chapters are larded with amusing gourmet quotations from the classics. One is a note Mr. Pickwick wrote when he wanted a tasty dish for dinner. "Dear Mrs. B.," it goes: "Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick."

☆ Well, now, let's see what we can do along that line. Here's an old recipe I'm sure the great Dickens character would have enjoyed. It has no name that I know of, so why not call it *Mr. Pickwick's Lamb Chops*? . . . Brown 4 good-sized shoulder chops lightly in butter. Slice 2 potatoes and 1 onion. Have ready ½ cup thick tomato sauce. Place chops in ovenproof casserole; arrange sliced potatoes and onion on top, then pour in the tomato sauce. Season with salt, pepper, a pinch of thyme. Add a little butter and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven. Sprinkle with minced parsley just before serving. A salad of watercress, grapefruit, and black olives goes well with this.

☆ Inquiry from a Cleveland, Ohio, girl who asks whether or not it is military etiquette to have commissioned officers and enlisted men on her date list at the same time. Ticklish question! "All of them are boys I've been friends with for a long while," she says. "I don't want to be snobbish, and I don't want to go wrong on any rules. Are there any rules?" . . . It's not easy to answer. How democratic are girls supposed to be in this matter? What's your opinion?"



"Is there any extra charge for a convoy?"

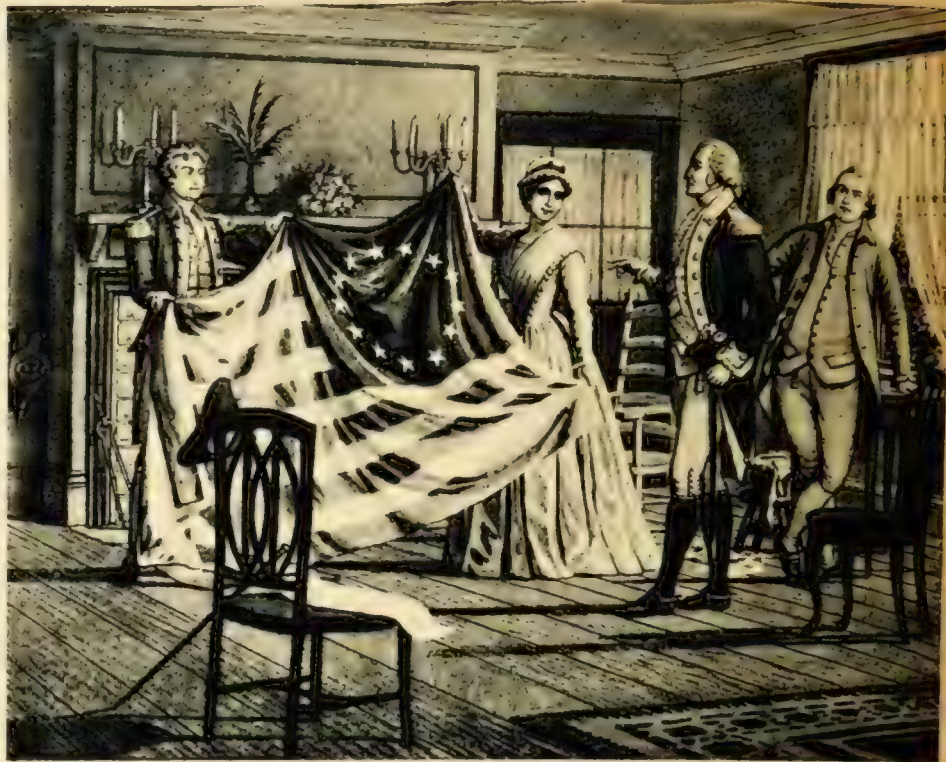
History of Our Flag Quiz

LIBERTY'S
\$2,000
CASH PRIZE
CONTEST

THE editors of Liberty believe that every American has renewed and strengthened appreciation of what the protection of the flag of the United States means in these hours of world crisis. The star-spangled banner is the emblem of a liberty that has no equal. It is the emblem of the United States citizens' Bill of Rights, that section of the Constitution which so many entrants in the recent Constitution Quiz selected as being of paramount importance to them. It is the emblem of our hope for a world at peace as well as union against despotism and oppression.

Yet surprisingly few know how this emblem which they revere came into being. Few know the background of the various flags from which its dimensions, its components, and its colors were drawn. Few know the wealth of historical lore and patriotic tradition crystallized in its stars and stripes. It is to bring this knowledge to your attention that Liberty presents the History of Our Flag Contest.

Not every question will be purely historical. There will be questions on displaying, saluting, and other observances, so that at the end of the thirteen weeks you will know not only how our



flag was evolved but how to honor it and how to help others observe the correct ceremony.

The brief Rules are to insure equal opportunity to every one. Please observe them carefully. The first questions appear on this page.

THE RULES

- 1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.
- 2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.
- 3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the \$500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded \$250, \$100, and \$50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive \$10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded \$5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamp or cash. Send your order to the address on page 5.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 1

*When the peace of the heavens descends on the world,
And the banners of conflict forever are furled,
There's a flag that will fly on the breezes of Time
In the calm and the storm of a glory sublime.
'Tis the emblem of freedom aloft and awake
"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."*

—HOWARD WISWALL BIBLE.

1. Identify the flag described in this verse.
2. Quote verbatim the pledge of allegiance to the flag as practiced in the public schools of the United States.
3. Upon a flag, what is the name of a rectangular area next to the staff or hal-

- yard containing the union or other device?
4. What is the name of the vertical dimension of a flag measured along the staff or halyard?
5. What is the name of the length of a flag measured from the staff or halyard to its farthest edge?

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Man in a hurry-- and the winnah, folks!
- 9 Turnips with healthy complexions
- 14 You're liable to blow a fuse during one
- 15 If the weak-minded are struck in the head with one, it may cause an awful ache
- 16 Red lips, come-on eyes, come-hither figure (fem.)
- 17 Annoying dark gentleman in the Duce's shrunken woodpile
- 19 A sucker for curb service
- 20 Sew backward
- 21 Best thing to use to eat gravy
- 23 Un-Americanisms
- 24 By applying this to the rear of an object, it will cause

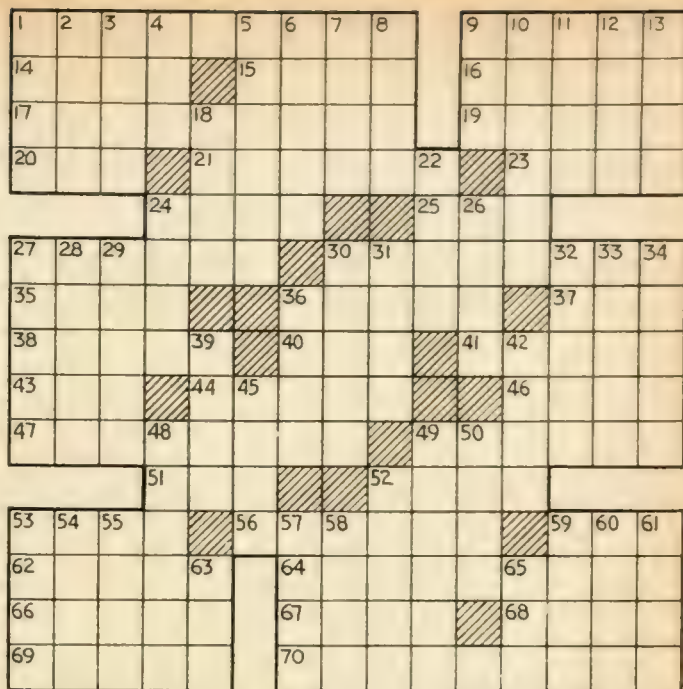
rapid forward progress

- 25 When things fell along the Curb, it made a big clean-up in Wall Street (abbr.)
- 27 Grab by the ears and stroke gently
- 30 Japanese intention only this
- 35 The man with the Hibernian Rose
- 36 Gal's name
- 37 Chopped the chops and gargled the groceries
- 38 Talks by Hitler
- 40 One of a kind
- 41 Caesar's last word
- 43 It twists and turns and hisses
- 44 Applies the mental boot to the seat of inaction
- 46 Ain't this the one! (Yes!)
- 47 Cause of long nocturnal portages during heavy infantile squalls (masc.)
- 49 Hits the thumb with a hammer
- 51 Man, who comes from the ape, often turns into this
- 52 HHHHHHHH (Greek)
- 53 The last of immigrants
- 56 He's a diller, folks!
- 59 Is provided with silver-lined pockets
- 62 Kind of L-and Bill I'd grant Germany
- 64 Vichy-vashy cheese
- 66 The European man

- 67 A backward race
- 68 This word will be law in the Free Nazi World
- 69 What you'll find in theatrical board-inghouse bathtubs
- 70 This is found in empty blonde heads (fem.)

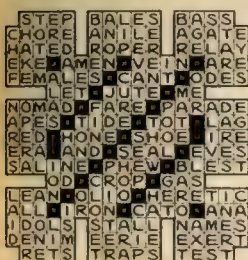
VERTICAL

- 1 This goes forward backward
- 2 And this fills me with loathing
- 3 A few words from a wooden Indian
- 4 Money in cross-words (oh, is there!)
- 5 Rhinos without radiator caps
- 6 It's vacant in the upper story
- 7 What upright men inclined to laziness do
- 8 Long (Scotch)
- 9 Banuscripts (abbr.)
- 10 What red lips, come-on eyes, and come-hither figures do
- 11 If these are kept open they'll catch the dirt
- 12 Grampaw's cardil-lac
- 13 Derips
- 18 A pair of bones (Latin)
- 22 Big red edible Hol-land bulb
- 24 Gals like a man who dances on his own
- 26 He works for the Union's downfall



- 27 This should be served with alpha-bet soup
- 28 Run down
- 29 Sqrsb out, as the oral cavity
- 30 Character from Moby Dick
- 31 Men with thirty-three teeth
- 32 Flora's side-kick
- 33 Furthest north in finality
- 34 Undresses with the eyes
- 36 Broadway hangout
- 39 What old dahkies are full of (pl.)
- 42 Trout berries
- 45 Here's a cnaance
- 48 Hangover
- 49 What a cockeyed rudder nurse does cockeyed
- 50 What a pretty girl has to be kept on a cold night
- 52 Expert fiddler
- 53 Arab streets are filled with them
- 54 Promises Hitler has kept
- 55 Albino salmon
- 57 Look a frosty-eyed banker gives
- 58 Muslim with air vents
- 59 This goddess headed the Greek Youth Movement
- 60 Ancient Greek Secretary of War
- 61 Pen that smells mightier than the sward (pl.)
- 63 They fill oral cavities
- 65 Half a candy

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Last week's answer



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OLD MR. BOSTON SLOE GIN

SALLY MCCARTHY

and the paths of

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

I WAS told by a newspaperman that I might get people in trouble if I mentioned names and places, times being what they are. I don't want to be mixed up in any business where questions might be asked. And I don't want any trouble for Freddy or the captain or any of those others. Heaven only knows where they are today. Maybe they've been sunk, or maybe they're still dodging torpedoes and bombers in that little ship of theirs, somewhere on the seas. They were so quiet. They never talked much about what they had been through. I liked them, and I hope they're safe.

The first time we saw Freddy we were at the beach, trying to turn our night-club tan into a real one. Sally was there, and three or four friends, and we were stretched out on the sand when Freddy came walking slowly toward us.

He was alone, and I suppose he wanted company. He was wearing a bathing suit, and the first thing we noticed about him was his legs. I guess they shocked us, because when he said, "Hello," no one answered. His legs were not a pretty sight. They looked like scorched leather, the skin brown and withered and ugly, as though some disease had affected him from the thighs down. His feet looked shriveled.

You can't help staring at something like that. And after he said, "Hello," and there was no reply, I suppose he realized why we were staring, because a little smile appeared on his lips as he stood looking down at us.

"I was burned," he said suddenly. "In oil."

Then he walked away, along the beach near the edge of the water. We were so surprised we didn't say anything.

Then Sally got up from where she had been lying, a sight pretty enough for any man's eyes. I play piano for Sally, and when we are on the floor, I might as well be a mechanical jukebox for all the attention I get from the customers all the time she's singing.

Sally walked after Freddy, and I followed. We reached him just before he entered the water. He was a good-looking boy, with one of those faces you like as soon as you see it, and his

English accent didn't sound like you hear in motion pictures.

"Mind if we join you?" Sally asked.

He looked surprised and pleased. "I'd be glad," he said. "Thanks very much."

Together they swam out about fifty yards. I would have gone with them, but my swimming has been done mostly in bathtubs, and so I stayed there on the shore and waited. They were talking as they swam. I could hear their voices above the sound of their arms and feet churning the water, and Sally's laugh now and again. When they came back to the shore, all dripping wet, they acted almost like old friends.

Freddy came along with us to the beach restaurant, where we had frankfurters and coffee. In a suit of clothes, with those bad-looking legs of his hidden from sight, he was a handsome lad. The rest of the crowd soon forgot about the legs.

He was pretty shy. I suppose we were strange sort of people to him—a singer, a piano player, a couple of chorus girls. We talked different and acted different from him. He was baffled by some of the conversation, but he looked interested, as though he wanted to understand.

Sally monopolized him pretty much. He wasn't so shy with her; he seemed glad when he could talk to her.

"What's your business?" I asked him.

"I'm a wireless operator," he said. "We're over here to take a ship back. We're staying at the Central Hotel."

"Back where?" I asked.

"To England."

One of the girls piped up: "My, that's dangerous, isn't it?"

"Yes, it can be, rather," he said.

Sally was looking at him with a funny expression in her eyes. Some one had put a nickel in the machine, and she asked him if he'd like to dance. They danced quite a few numbers together.

It was Sally who learned about his legs. It seemed he had been aboard an oil tanker off the south coast of

England. Just after dark, on a calm night, they had been shelled and torpedoed by a U-boat. Some of the crew, including their naval gunner, had been blown to bits. Others had jumped into the sea and choked to death in the oil that ran out and coated the water. The engine-room crew, Freddy said, never had a chance.

Freddy was one of the luckier ones. He got into the only lifeboat they were able to launch. "I was so knocked out with shock," he told Sally, "I didn't even know I was hurt."

He spent three months in hospital while the doctors tried to do something with his burned and battered legs, and eventually they succeeded in getting him on his feet again.

I heard this from Sally, and it surprised me. I had read about these things in the papers and seen them in the newsreels, but you don't expect to come across anything like that on a city beach—walking right up to you and saying, "Hello."

"They don't know when they're going to sail," Sally said. "Isn't it funny—they want to get back. They're hoping every day their ship will be ready."

I asked her what they would do with this boat they were taking over, and she said that was up to the British Ministry of Shipping. Probably they would be carrying supplies.

"You mean they're going back into that bombfest?" I asked, and I took an extra gulp of the beer I was drinking at the time. "Sally," I said, "if I ever did any grousing, my mouth is shut from now on. I'm beginning to think I'm a lucky guy."

She smiled at me. "You know, Mike," she said, "he's a nice boy. He hasn't any friends here. None of them have. They just sit around the lobby all day, and go to some cheap dive at night. I think I'll go out with him."

"When?" I wanted to know.

"Tonight."

"You're forgetting Bruce," I reminded her.

She frowned a little. "Yes," she



He stood looking down at us. "I was burned," he said suddenly. "In oil."

said, after a moment; "I didn't think of Bruce."

In my opinion, I told her, not thinking of Bruce was bad business. In our racket there are people who can do things for you. I've read the publicity stories about the little dame who was singing in some two-by-four place, and the big producer who walked in and cried, "Magnificent!" and made her a star before she could turn around. If that really happens, then I've been missing a lot in fifteen years of banging a piano.

But there are people who can help you along—connections. And Bruce Henderson was a good connection. I've read the yarns, too, about the big mean man who made the little girl pay for the privilege of getting her name in electric lights. But this isn't that kind of a story. Bruce was a swell person, and he liked Sally. As far as I knew, Sally liked him.

We did go over to the Central Hotel the next afternoon and have a drink with Freddy, and he introduced us to the captain and a couple of engineers from the ship. I didn't understand a word the engineers were saying. They talked something like Scotchmen, but they weren't Scotch. Whatever they were, their accents were as thick as dough.

The captain was a big man with a red face. He was scared stiff of Sally at first, but he was ready to eat out of her hand by the time the party broke up.

He kept looking at her all the time she and Freddy talked together—those two were getting on very smoothly—and he paid no attention to me at all. I couldn't understand the engineers, anyway, so I just sat there and had a couple of beers and listened politely.

The captain, it seemed, had been bombed a couple of times, and one of the engineers had been at Dunkirk; in fact, all the officers staying at the Central Hotel were from ships that had been sunk. That was hard for a person like me to realize. All my little hells, being out of work and seeing jobs blow up in my face, and jumping from one one-night stand to another in cheap dives at starvation pay—those had always seemed big things to me; but when I thought of the hell these sailors had been in—well, I don't know; I just couldn't picture it.

The captain looked pretty disappointed when Sally and I had to

BY JOHN RHODES STURDY

leave. "Perhaps," he said hopefully to Sally in a kind of an embarrassed growl, "if you had a—I mean, some friends of yours, some night—"

"Blonde or brunette?" asked Sally, smiling at him.

"Well, me, I'm partial to blondes. I don't want you to go to any fuss, you know, but perhaps—Freddy here, and you, and me and—"

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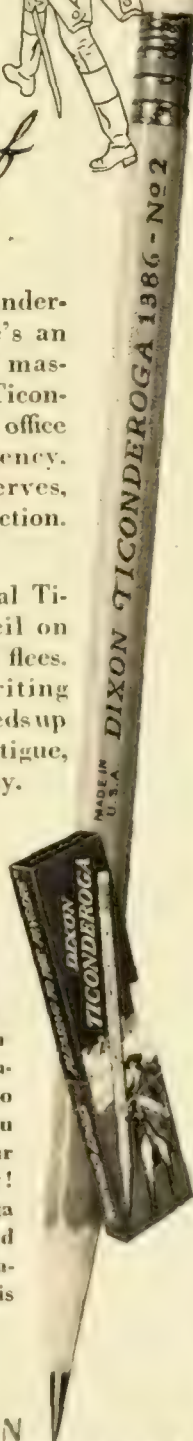


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"I'll get you a very pretty blonde, captain."

"Aye, I'd like that."

I had to stand around in the lobby while Sally said good-by to Freddy. The kid was looking mighty happy about everything.

Sally and I were walking up the street, and Sally asked, "What are you thinking about, Mike?" because I was staring at the sidewalk.

"I was thinking," I said, "that the Central would be a nice spot for you and me. That room we were in, that's all right for our stuff. We need a spot like the Central. We'd be noticed there."

"Well," said Sally, "we're going to play there."

I stopped walking. A lump went up in my throat. "Listen," I warned. "I've got a weak heart."

She was smiling at me. "It's only a one-night stand, Mike, and there isn't any pay."

The lump disappeared; I shook my head. "Not me, Sally," I said. "I still have to eat."

"It's for them."

"Who's 'them'?"

"The sailors," Sally said. "Freddy and I figured it out. We'll ask the hotel for a room, and you can get a couple of boys together, a saxophone and a trumpet maybe. I'll sing, and we can have Mary Taylor dance—she's not working. Perhaps a few others. And we'll get the ship's crew up there and give them a show."

"Just for love?" I asked.

"Yes, just for love," Sally said, and she looked determined. "They're lonely. They're going away soon, and why shouldn't we give them a good time? They don't get many good times these days. Well, Mike?"

I looked at her. Eventually she always gets her way with me. And there was something in her eyes now, and I thought of those guys being bombed and torpedoed.

"O. K.," I said.

AS it turned out, the party had to be postponed because I got a call from Barney Wells the next day offering me a spot with his crew for five nights at a resort place on the island. His pianist had been taken ill.

To get to the island you have to take a small steamer, which makes one round trip a day and should have been condemned ten years ago. It's about two hours to the island—which is just that much too long for me, because I'm seasick all the time no matter if the water is flat as plate glass. It usually isn't.

I did the five nights with Barney Wells' band, and it proved a lucky break, because I was able to fix up a date for Sally and me at the island the next Saturday. When I got back to town, I rushed to tell her the good news. She wasn't home, and I called in at Michael's Restaurant, where she sometimes has coffee in the afternoon; but she wasn't there, either.

Jimmy Williams, an agent who gets us the odd job here and there, was sitting at a table reading

Variety, and I went over to say hello and ask him if there was anything shaping up that might be along my line.

"Naw," he said. "Naw, nothing doing. I'm starving, myself." Then he said: "By the way, I was at the Casa Club last night. Bruce Henderson was there. He had had a few and he was doing a little talking."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, nothing," said Williams. "Only there was an idea around the town that Henderson and your good-looking partner would make a team. What's happened?"

"Nothing's happened," I said.

Williams shrugged. "I got a different impression," he said, and went back to reading his paper.

I was worried about what the agent had told me. He was usually pretty reliable in his gossip, and the things I heard from other people that day convinced me that something had happened between Sally and Bruce Henderson. I go out of town for five days, I thought, and she starts having fights with the one man who can do her some good.

I REACHED Sally before dinner-time and we arranged to have a drink together. When we sat down, I told her the news about the island job. She was wearing a little black hat on her blonde hair and looking prettier than I had ever seen her.

"That's fine, Mike," she said.

"Can you get some boys together Thursday night? The party's all arranged."

"Sally, we've got a job—did you hear?"

"I know, I know. The gang has been wonderful. Everybody wants to help out. Even old Margola, the magician, is going to put on his act."

"I'm not interested in Margola and his act," I said, and I was getting annoyed. "I'm interested in a job I arranged for us. I'm interested in you. I want to know about Bruce Henderson."

That made her frown. She played with her cocktail glass. "I haven't seen him for the past few days," she murmured. "I don't know what he's doing."

"I do," I told her. "He's moping around the bar of the Casa Club. You're a fool if you let him go."

"I'm not in love with Bruce Henderson."

"I don't care who you're in love with," I said hotly, which was a lie. "You have to be nice to people—not pass them up completely because you're interested in giving a charity performance for a bunch of sailors."

"It's more than that," she said.

I could see it was. People had told me she was spending every free minute with Freddy. If she had fallen for him, she was headed for a pack of grief.

"You'd better stop being so busy," I told her, "and pay a little attention to other things, including Bruce. You're wasting your time."

She looked at me. "But, you see,

I don't think I am, Mike," she said quietly. "I've got a lot of time. Years and years, maybe. But they haven't. They haven't any way of knowing this won't be their last voyage. They don't talk about it, but you can see it in their eyes. They want to have fun now, and friends, and if you and Bruce don't understand that, I'm sorry."

"Bruce is in love with you," I said. "Guys in love don't understand anything."

WELL, I got a few of the boys together for Thursday, because I would not fall down on Sally no matter what happened. And on the afternoon before the show I ran into Bruce Henderson on the street. I had always liked this boy. I had often thought that he and Sally would strike it off well as man and wife.

"What do you know?" I asked. He looked pretty glum.

"I'm leaving for California," he said. "How's Sally? Still with the fleet?"

"Now, Bruce, you know there's nothing—"

"I know I'm going to like California," he interrupted. "See you again, Mike."

Well, there was nothing much I could do about that. Except tell Sally just before we left for the Central Hotel, and she was silent for a little while after I told her, and there was a frown on her forehead. But it disappeared quickly once we got to the hotel.

The manager, a man named Torch-er, had given us a decent-sized salon and thrown in a load of beer for the sailors. There were about forty men in the crew, some of them no more than boys, and they were eager to see what we had for them. They lounged on chairs, laughing and shouting, and they applauded us even before we got going.

I set up my crew in the corner, and Billy Bell acted as emcee. You may have heard that name before. He was in pictures once, in the first Broadway Melody era, and he had a house in Beverly Hills. Now he has one room at Mrs. Hafferty's boardinghouse.

I never saw an audience like those sailors. You wanted to give them everything you had. They were working with you, feeling the music, joining in the chorus of the songs, responsive to the gags. Above all, they looked happy. It's nice to work to a happy audience.

I don't know where Sally found all the acts. She must have searched every theatrical boardinghouse and hotel in town. Some of the names I remembered as a kid. Comedy teams, tap and toe, magic, singers, accordion players—there was a long stream of them.

We barely got away that night. The sailors wouldn't let us close, and Billy Bell had to yell down the applause before he could get them to accept the end.

Then Freddy got up and made a

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little speech. He thanked the acts and the band, and then he said, "One person is really responsible for this wonderful show tonight. You heard her sing, and you loved it. She arranged everything—Miss Sally McCarthy."

From the floor a sailor shouted, "God bless her," and then a riot broke out. Those sailors went crazy with applause. I looked at Sally. Her eyes were bright with tears. I looked at Freddy. He was smiling proudly. I looked at the captain in the front row, pounding his big hands together.

I'll admit it, I was thrilled. I turned to Mr. Torcher, who was standing beside the piano, and I said, "She's my partner," because I couldn't help it.

"You're lucky," the hotel manager said. He was smiling too.

I was there when the captain thanked Sally. "We'll be going away soon," he told her. "We'll never forget you. When the war is over, perhaps we'll come back."

Then she was with Freddy, and she was serious now. "Do you know when you're sailing?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Soon, I expect. Good luck for Saturday night."

"If anything happens—" He took her hand. "I'll let you know," he said.

They wanted me to go with them for a bite to eat; but I made some excuse. I went to a bar and had a drink. I had three of them. I was thinking of bombs again.

Sally and I went to the island on Saturday morning. Bruce Henderson, I heard, had flown out to Hollywood the day before. I didn't say anything about it to Sally, considering that she knew what she wanted and had made up her mind.

AFTER our show that night, Sally went up to her room. I hung around the bar watching the boys and girls enjoying themselves, and then I went to bed. What is this love business? I thought. A girl goes goofy for a man who probably never will come back to her. Is there any sense to that? I gave it up.

I dreamed that a giant had hold of me by the feet and was smashing me against a brick wall. I woke up in a sweat, to find the side window open and banging loudly. Outside I could see the trees bending, and the water coming up on the beach was tipped with white. There was a storm brewing.

I got dressed and went downstairs, and discovered that it was late morning.

Sally met me in the lobby. She had a letter in her hand. "This came by the steamer," she said, passing it to me.

It was from Freddy. "Torcher [that was the hotel manager, I remembered] wants you back Sunday. He says he can offer you a job indefinitely. But you must be at the hotel Sunday night, you and Mike. I hope you will drop everything and come, because of the job, and because we

will be sailing any minute now. Our orders have come through. **FREDDY.**"

I could have taken hold of Sally and danced her around the lobby. "I knew Torcher thought you were terrific," I told her. "What are we waiting for, honey? What time does the boat leave?"

She shook her head. "It isn't leaving, Mike."

I stared at her. "What do you mean?" I demanded.

Sally slumped down on a chair. "Ask the captain," she said wearily. "He'll tell you what he told me—something about a bent shaft. Personally, I think he's afraid of a storm. It's blowing up hard."

I stuffed Freddy's letter in my pocket. "Well," I said, "I'm getting off this island, if I have to run the boat myself. Look, Sally—remember what I said about the Central being the spot for us? We've got to get back."

She rose to her feet and put her arm in mine. "We'll get back somehow," she said. "Let's go find a boat. There must be somebody on this island who has one that works."

I TRIED the captain of the steamer first. He said no; then he threatened to throw me into the water. Perhaps I may have told him a few things. Sally dragged me away before there was any violent action.

"You're no good to me dead, Mike," she said.

We made inquiries in the hotel about boats. There was a man up the beach who owned a cabin cruiser. He might be able to help us. So we went to see him, grabbing each other to keep the wind from blowing us in opposite directions. There was a baby tornado roaring across that island. We practically had to crawl the last hundred feet to the man's house. Sally's blonde hair was all over her eyes, and she held close to me.

The man was old and bronzed, and he was smoking a pipe. He never removed it from his mouth.

"Nope!" he said, when we asked him.

Sally fixed her hair. She smiled at him.

"Nope!" he repeated, with a look at her.

"Listen, pop," I said. "This is a matter of life and death with us."

"Listen, son," he said. "It's a matter of life and death if I take my boat out in this weather—and mostly death. I've got the biggest boat on the island—and I wouldn't move an inch from the wharf."

We went away, staggering through the wind back to the hotel. Sally squeezed my hand as we entered the lobby.

"Maybe the storm will pass over," she said. "Don't give up, Mike."

I went to the desk. "Can't I get a message off this island?" I asked the clerk.

"The steamer has broken down, sir."

"I know that. Isn't there any other way?"
"Well, sir, if it was very important, the manager, Mr. Smith, is a ham."

I was going to hit the clerk, because I was in no mood for double-talk—my whole career was taking a nose dive—but he explained that Mr. Smith was the operator of an amateur radio station.

Sally and I rushed to see Mr. Smith. He was ready to co-operate. "I'll try to get one of my friends in town to deliver your message. What shall I say?"

"Say we can't get off the island," I told him.

"And add—'good-by and good luck,'" Sally said.

We went back to the lobby and waited. The wind was roaring outside, and the windows were groaning. "This is no good," I said suddenly. "Let's get a drink."

We sat in the bar and we barely said a word to each other. I don't know how long we had been there—probably a couple of hours—when Mr. Smith suddenly appeared.

"I have a reply," he said.

We jumped to our feet, with me spilling my drink all over the bar.

"Your friend," said Mr. Smith, just says, 'Don't worry.'"

Sally thanked him while I slid back to the bar and ordered a stiff one. "Don't worry!" I said to Sally. "Don't worry! All right—I won't worry; I'll just give up."

"Maybe—" began Sally.

"Maybe nothing," I said. "We're sunk."

"Well, then, let's make the best of it. Do you want to play a game of cards?"

I didn't want to play anything. But I did play, because she wanted it, and she had more to lose than I had—she probably would never see her sailor friend again. I admired her for the way she was taking it. But then, I've always admired Sally.

We played most of the afternoon, not saying very much. And then, when we were almost deciding to go upstairs and take a nap, we heard voices in the front lobby.

SALLY suddenly looked at me and I looked at her. There was something unusual yet familiar about those voices.

I dashed for the lobby, and Sally was at my heels. And there—standing at the desk—was Freddy.

He saw us. "Hello there!" he called. His face was wet with rain. "Are you ready to shove off?"

So help me, I couldn't believe it. I thought my eyes had gone back on me. Freddy was covered from head to foot in gleaming oilskins. There were two men with him dressed the same, and one of them had his raincoat open and I could see the brass buttons of a uniform.

"Is it you?" I asked.

"It's me, all right," said Freddy. He was looking at Sally. She was laughing—from relief, I guess.

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"Freddy!" she cried. "How did you do it?"

"In a ship. She's waiting for us. Better bundle up tight. It's blowing hard out there, and we came ashore in an open boat."

It didn't take Sally and me long to get ready. One of the men had brought extra oilskins and we wrapped these around us. Sally looked like the lighthouse keeper's daughter—and cute.

There was all hell blowing outside, and it was almost dark now. We fought our way through the wind and rain to a big boat landed on the beach. Other burly figures in oilskins were there to meet us, and they helped us into the boat.

"Shove off!" some one shouted, and we started to move. I sat close to Sally in the stern, and Freddy was quite near us, grinning through the driving rain.

"Quite a blow!" he yelled.

QUITE a blow! I clung to the wooden seat and prayed to heaven we wouldn't turn over. In my heart I felt it was a hopeless prayer, for the boat was standing on end, bouncing and reeling in the waves.

I closed my eyes. The water came over the sides of the boat and stung me across the face. I don't know how those men managed to row. I could hear them grunting, and the groan of their oars.

Suddenly there was a heavy bump. I opened my eyes and saw we were against a black wall of steel. Ropes seemed to be whipping all around me. Above, I could see dark faces peering down at us from somewhere, and I heard orders shouted that I could not understand.

A couple of sailors got behind me and put me on a slippery rope ladder. I started to climb—dimly I guessed that was what I was supposed to do. The ladder banged against the steel and swayed from side to side, but I clung on. And suddenly, from above, I was grabbed by strong hands and lifted over a rail and onto a deck.

I was taken into a bright warm room where there was a green-covered table and chairs, and helped out of my dripping oilskins.

Sally was there, flushed and smiling, and Freddy in a blue uniform, and the captain.

"Have a drink," he said, and poured me a hooker of whisky. I staggered smack into him, sending the glass flying.

"Saved the bottle!" cried the captain triumphantly. "Better sit down until you get your sea legs."

"Please!" Sally broke in. "Don't keep me in suspense. Where are we, and why?"

The captain had poured me another drink. I gulped it quickly between rolls of the ship.

"You're aboard my command," the captain said to Sally. "You shouldn't be, of course. It's all very irregular and I'm afraid London would frown on it. There won't be any entry about this in the ship's log. But you've

been good to us, and we had steam up, and there were a few hours to spare." He coughed. "I wouldn't mention it—I mean, it would be just as well if nothing was said. Very irregular, you see."

I saw. So did Sally. She walked over and gave the captain a kiss on the cheek. He blushed like a school kid. Then he smiled.

"Very irregular, that, too," he said. "But thank you." He took up his oilskins and went to the door. "It was Sparks there who had the idea," he added. "We didn't have to convince the crew." Then he went out.

Sally turned to Freddy. In his uniform he looked like a different man.

"You'll be back in good time," he said. "That is, if you don't mind going ashore in the boat. We won't be tying up again."

I looked at Sally. She was staring at Freddy.

"You mean," she said—"you mean—you're sailing?"

He nodded. "We're cleared. The men are glad. They were getting impatient hanging around so long. Not much to do, you know. And families over there, and all that."

I put my glass away. "Can I go up on the bridge?" I asked.

Freddy looked surprised. "Why, of course—if you'd like," he said, and told me how to get there.

I found the captain on the bridge, and I stood beside him, peering out over the black water lined with white-caps. And now I found the captain was a different man, too. He wasn't shy now; he was sure of himself. There was strength in the faint profile of his face as I looked at it. He was away in a world all by himself, and king of it, like you sometimes get when you're at the piano and the people disappear and you're alone with a melody.

I looked back along the decks of the ship, and I saw figures moving about. And I leaned over the side and saw the water rushing past. Then ahead, where I could see the lights of town along the beach.

The rain had almost stopped and there was only the wind now. A man stepped close to the captain. I just caught his words:

"Well, sir, we'll soon be on our way."

And the captain said: "Yes, Jones. I'm glad."

AND then it was all clear to me. It wasn't in the papers any more, or on the newsreels. It was under my feet, back of me, down in the bow ahead of me—it was real. This was where the bombs would fall if they came. And the captain would be standing here, and the man at the wheel in the little house, and those figures on deck would be running to a gun on the stern.

I saw it all. I saw Freddy burning in oil, and the engine-room men who never came up, and the naval gunner blown to bits. I saw the submarine.

I was standing on a part of war. And I was going back to the lights gleaming ahead, and the Central Hotel, and I would never again see the men on the bridge. They were bound out in the dark somewhere.

The waters were almost calm when we came close to shore. The boat was lowered, and the captain and the officers walked to the ladder with Sally and me. Sally's face was pale, but she smiled at them and shook hands all around. The crew lined up and waved to us when we got into the boat and shoved off, Freddy by our side.

"Cheerio!" the captain shouted, and signaled with his hand.

We landed at a wharf a short distance from downtown. Freddy got out of the boat with us, and he shook hands warmly with me. He had on a uniform cap and a white scarf around his neck.

"Good-by," he said. "Hope to see you again some day." Then he turned to Sally and took her hand. "Good-by, Sally. Thank you."

"Good-by," she said.

He turned abruptly and got back into the boat. It started to move away, slowly at first and then quickly. Freddy was standing in the stern.

And suddenly Sally shouted: "Good luck! Good luck! To you and the ones at home!"

"Thanks!" came back his voice, growing distant. "Good luck to you!"

Then he was a blurred shape in the dark and the boat was suddenly gone. All we could see now were the lights of the ship out there in the water.

WE were in a taxi, heading for Uptown and a change of clothes, when I asked: "Who are the ones at home?"

Sally's eyes were on the back of the driver's head. She did not seem to hear me for a moment. Then, without turning, she said: "His wife and child. He's wanting to get back to them. He's only been married a year."

I stared at her. I hadn't known anything about that. I had thought—"Do you mean to say you passed up—" I began, and then I stopped short. I didn't say anything more. I was beginning to understand a lot of things that night.

We were good at our opening in the Central Hotel. Sally was tops. She looked lovely and she sang her songs in a better voice than I had ever heard from her. We've been there regularly since, and we're doing all right.

That night I sent a telegram to Bruce Henderson in Hollywood. I told him he was a fool—a fool like me, who couldn't understand people like Sally and Freddy. I told him the facts, all of them. I told him plenty. It was the longest telegram I had ever sent in my life.

And I sent it collect.

THE END



Two rules about coffee you may not know

RULE No. 1 is about *making* coffee. To get all its rich and satisfying flavor, use a heaping tablespoonful for every cup.

Rule No. 2 is about *drinking* coffee. The buoyant lift it gives you is too good to miss by drinking it only once a day. It brightens conversation. It helps you think more quickly and clearly. It actually rests you

when you're tired. These are benefits you want at midday and in the evening. And if you're like 97 people out of 100, you don't need to worry about sleeping, for the lift lasts only about two hours.

So the rule about drinking coffee is this: Go ahead and enjoy it at every meal.



Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

Pan American Coffee Producers
New York City

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • COSTA RICA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • VENEZUELA

Why hate the man who gets ahead?

A message to Americans: Is
this a danger to democracy?



READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

AS a very young man I became drama critic of a newspaper in Washington at fifteen dollars a week. Few of my colleagues received as little as that, and there was an unconfirmed rumor that our managing editor was paid ten times as much.

With a family to support, I had a hard time getting on with my fifteen dollars, but I don't remember that I hated, or even envied, either my colleagues or the managing editor. On the contrary, I regarded their prosperity as comforting. If one of them could earn \$150 a week, I thought, why not I?

A few years ago a friend took me downtown in his car. He too is an author. With his own pen, pencil, or typewriter he has earned every penny he possesses. At a crossing, with the green lights giving my friend's car right of way, a man halted in front of it, glowering. The chauffeur stopped and expostulated. A second pedestrian shouted to my friend, "You guys think you own the earth!" And, as we moved on, an urchin threw a half-eaten apple at us.

"That has happened twice before this week," my friend said, "and not in the slum districts, either. I have no way of judging how deep or widespread is the feeling it demonstrates, but that feeling certainly represents a new, disturbing, and even alarming trend in our country. If any considerable number of us have come to hate those who succeed, then we have reached the end of striving. We have failed to realize that this is still a land of equal opportunity, and that we are all in the same boat and must sink or swim together."

Covering thirty or forty thousand miles of our nation every year and talking to every one who doesn't bite

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

me first, I don't believe that this resentment *is* widespread, but on the surface there is enough of it to be worrisome. It manifests itself, of course, chiefly among those who *are* ignorant, who do not strive—or, if they do, are too easily disappointed in the result—and who must find a scapegoat for their own failings. Nevertheless, class prejudice, and prejudice on account of race or creed, are above all other things definitely un-American. Our forefathers or we ourselves came to these shores mainly to escape those very prejudices.

We shall get nowhere by hating one another. Some of us must earn enough to pay wages and save enough to carry business through lean years if any of us is to have wages, or anything but very lean years, indeed. If the boss loses the business, we lose our job. The government might take over the business, of course, or may keep us alive for a time without jobs; but we shall still have bosses, and the financial help we get without working can come only from the same source that pays wages—from the earnings of prosperous business and of those who are working.

About 99 per cent of the richest and most distinguished men in our country began in overalls, or in what we mistakenly call "menial jobs." Of course there are some employers who deal with their employees unfairly, and who are arrogant and greedy; but generally the prosperous citizens I know have earned their prosperity, and share it with those they employ.

The truest democracy, and the

most efficient and productive, in my experience is a plant in Illinois. The president is paid \$50,000 a year. The stockholders are paid 6 per cent on their investment—which they had to earn before they invested it. The workmen are paid the biggest wages they ever received or hoped for. They have their own houses and gardens, and a club where they play billiards or bowl with the executives or the president, who is known to most of them as "Bill." When this chap became president, the concern employed a few dozen men and hadn't the money to pay them well or certainly. The stockholders got nothing. Today the plant employs hundreds of men, and one of them, who drove me to Chicago in his own car, told me, "When most of us came here, we thought we'd died and gone to heaven. Bill's a great guy!"

"Aren't you sore that he gets \$50,000 a year?" I asked.

He looked at me in surprise.

"Why should I be?" he inquired.

"He and we put this business on its feet; he gets his, and we get ours. Bill gets more than we do, of course, but when any of us can do what Bill's doing, we'll get a big salary too. The more Bill gets, the more I might get some day, and meanwhile he's working for the lot of us, and you bet we're working for him!"

That's the kind of steam and spirit that means full speed ahead for that business, and all business, and for us, and for the *United States of America!*

THE END

IN these pages a couple of months ago I indited some confidential suggestions to the multitude of young women who aspire to jobs on the stage. Inasmuch as it seems that the number of young men who aspire to write plays is quite as great, if indeed not greater, and inasmuch, further, as they seem to be even more eager, judging from their voluminous epistolary exercises, for advice on the subject, I shall again employ this forum for their enlightenment.

I shall not tell the counsel seekers how to write plays, and for two reasons. In the first place, I am not myself a playwright and am hence no professor on the art; and, in the second place, that is the last thing which they, in their vast self-assurance, seem to want to know about. So far as dramaturgy goes, they appear to have all the faith in the world in themselves, for good or ill. But what they usually beseech in their letters is, to repeat their most common query:

"Just what is it that critics object to in plays and how best can it be avoided?"

It is, accordingly, that I take them at their wishful word and herewith suggest to them how they may at least lessen their chances of failure so far as the aforesaid critics are concerned. And not only the critics but, what is rather more important, a considerable share of the audiences.

For some reason or other, a great many novice playwrights seem to be fetched by the notion of a mythological play. To their minds, there is apparently something inordinately appealing about taking a number of the more familiar mythological characters, making them speak in an approximation to the modern lingo, and drawing from them some sort of analogy to modern customs, conditions, or events. My advice is to lay off. Not one such play in a hundred stands much of a chance. Jean Giraudoux got away with a thirty-eighth paraphrase of the *Amphitryon* legend largely on the score of the Lunts' presence in the cast and Behrman's extremely wily adaptation, but many another contemporary experienced playwright—Denis Johnston for one example—has failed at the business. It is safer to try some other theme.

The Christ theme, however, does not happen to be one of them. It has frequently been said that every young man with his heart set upon playwriting begins by writing either a play about the Saviour or one which ends in his hero's suicide. The Christ play generally takes three forms. In the first, a modern character, sometimes a carpenter, sometimes a person described simply as A Stranger, is identified with the Saviour and duplicates in modern times and modern surroundings some of the Saviour's experiences. In the second, the scene is laid frankly in Bible times and the Saviour, when

Are you writing a drama? Hold everything . . . Read this first!

IN CONFIDENCE- TO PLAYWRIGHTS

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



not personified on the stage, is represented either by a light or an off-stage voice. In the third, the story, while following the Bible, is related in the modern idiom. Inasmuch as it takes an authentic poet or at the very least an expert showman-dramatist to do theatrical justice to the Christ story, most of these efforts are foredoomed to disaster.

Incidentally, the only original play on the subject seen in the American theater in the last two decades that merited any critical notice was the Cowans' *Family Portrait*, and even that was hardly much of a success in the accepted theatrical sense. Maxwell Anderson's *Journey to Jerusalem*, in which Christ was seen as a boy on His way to the annual Passover feast, while original in so far as showing the Saviour as a youth went, failed dismally. Too much water has seemingly gone under the box office since the days of *Ben Hur*, *The Servant in the House*, *The Passing*

of the Third Floor Back, *The Fool*.

No more plays about the young girl who returns after a considerable absence, finds her father in difficulties, and goes about setting matters right! The reviewers and audiences are sick of them. They belong to the stage of twenty-five and thirty years ago. No more plays, either, about the young girl ward solicitously looked after by one or more quondam dissolute old bachelors, one or all of whom were once in love with her mother! They also are out. And no more plays, if you please, about crooks who gradually see the error of their ways and decide to go straight; about wives who give their philandering husbands a dose of their own medicine, archly leaving the husbands in some final doubt, however, by cabaging the last line from Henry Arthur Jones' *The Case of Rebellious Susan*; or about the lovable old bonehead whom everybody takes advantage of but who muddles through

and comes out on top at the end. Their day is done.

During the last year at least sixteen of the unsolicited play manuscripts bumptiously delivered at my atelier dealt either with the rehabilitation or the impossibility of the rehabilitation of prostitutes. This, of course, is one of the oldest of dramatic themes, and it has done valiant service in its time. But its time, unless all signs fail, is now over. That is, if the prostitute is the chief character in the play. All the possible changes seem to have been rung on the idea; there is nothing left to say. There is a chance still if the character is not the dominant one in the play, as was proved by Saroyan in *The Time of Your Life*, and as will surely be proved again by O'Neill in *The Iceman Cometh*, but hardly otherwise.

DON'T hope to sell reviewers and audiences the play in which a wife shows up the true character of the other woman, thus disillusioning her infatuated husband and winning him back to the family fireside. It is old-hat. Don't think you are going to get royalties on the play in which everything is finally smoothed out and set to rights by the Jewish character whom every one has snubbed and looked down upon. They are all on to that hokum and it doesn't get you anywhere any longer. And don't imagine that the first-night crowd is going to remove the horses from your carriage and enthusiastically draw you downtown if you give it the play in which the ghost of a young man killed in the war comes back in his old uniform and discourses, however eloquently, pro or con on the subject of war.

In the way of details, you will be taking a dangerous chance with the reviewers and also a liberal portion of the paying customers if you foolishly venture any of the following:

1. Having a character pause momentarily on each of his exits and exude a wisecrack.

2. Except perhaps in farce, having a woman character come down the stairs in her nightie.

3. Having a character play violently on the piano to heighten the nervous tension.

4. Incorporating into a play laid in the past references to real persons and places by way of hoping to establish a convincing atmosphere.

5. Causing a character to become ill at the stomach and rush off stage to relieve himself.

6. Employing the line: "I don't know—but I'm sure I've seen that man somewhere before."

7. Bringing on for humorous effect a male character clad only in his underwear.

8. Causing the radiator steampipes to set up an awful banging just as the characters settle down for a spell of rest and quiet.

9. Introducing almost any kind of wheeze about caviar.

10. Using unnecessary profanity.

11. Making a "society" character impeccably grammatical.

12. Save only on the rarest occasions, alluding sentimentally to spring.

13. Unless you are absolutely certain of the casting, describing your heroine as a paragon of beauty.

14. Briefly dropping the curtain more than once during the course of the play to indicate a lapse of time.

15. Addressing a speech to the oil painting of some one hanging over the mantel.

16. Having a character return on the pretext of retrieving something he has left behind, usually deliberately.

17. Introducing a character who stutters.

18. Allowing a character to indulge in a succession of platitudes for comic effect.

19. Finally, out (double exclamation mark) with such dismal stereotypes as the tag line "I wonder"; the fixing of flowers in a vase; the wistful gaze out of a window; the turning on of a phonograph to liven up an otherwise dull scene with a little music; race horses which, instead of winning as the authors think audiences will anticipate, lose; drinking toasts; symbolic summer lightning; paraphrased Wilde epigrams; French characters who employ such locutions as "ze" and "zis"; scenes in which a man and a woman in a troubled situation lightly pretend to be gay and casual; and cynical bachelor characters.

THE widely disseminated theory that plays about Lincoln seldom fail has caused all kinds of novice playwrights in the last three or four years to turn their hands to Great Emancipator dramas. It seems to be the idea of a considerable proportion of these hopefuls that all that is necessary to the negotiation of a very fine play on the subject is to quote extensively from Lincoln's speeches.

I am told it is a rare producer's office that at this moment hasn't at least a half dozen unsolicited plays about Abe still lying around waiting for the authors to send along the return postage. The best advice to the novices is to side-step the notion. John Drinkwater some seasons ago and Robert Sherwood more recently covered it sufficiently, at least for the time being. For a Lincoln play to succeed today, it will have to have double the imagination and skill of either Drinkwater's or Sherwood's, or for that matter triple E. P. Conkle's.

If you are contemplating writing a play with a trial scene in it, stop immediately. The critics and larger portion of the audiences are fed up on trial scenes. They are also fed up on plays about kept women, fights between Capital and Labor, the romance of the gypsy life, the evils of Nazism and Fascism, the amorous peccadilloes of Frenchmen, and last

moments in death cells. Save your ink.

The atheist hero has been done to death. Blue-pencil him. The mercy-killing idea is similarly stale and you had best get it out of your playwrighting head at once. The wise old grandmother with her liberal ideas on the sexual freedom of the younger generation has served her day and will not any longer get you anywhere with either the reviewers or audiences. Paraphrases of the Robin Hood theme of the man who steals from one person to help another are good for snores, loud ones. The suddenly discovered codicil to the will that changes the situation went out of dramatic style many years ago, and the master and servant who change places for a night went out at the same time.

IF you want to chase the reviewers into the nearest barroom and a lot of the audience along with them, write a play in which a boy or girl is unjustly sent to a reform school and comes out sore as the devil and determined to get even with the world. Or, if that doesn't appeal to you, give them a play about an actor and his actress wife and the way the latter wins back the vain old boy from the ingénue in the company. Some other good ideas in the way of filling the barroom are the play about the French Revolution, the play about the rundown business establishment developed into a whiz-bang concern through the enterprise of the young man in love with the owner's daughter (the owner having always deemed him a good-for-nothing loafer), and the one about Lord Byron.

Various other excellent ways to put the reviewers to sleep, get your audiences out of the theater by the middle of the second acts, and lose the producers money are plays in which flashbacks are periodically employed to show the antecedent actions of the characters; in which the young Liberal son of a rich newspaper owner fights his father's paper because it hasn't been fair to the workers in the steel mill, one of whom is his sweetheart's poor, sick brother; and in which a scientist, big business man, inventor, or statesman resolutely won't marry the woman he is crazy about until he finishes the big job he has in hand. Nor must there be overlooked the play about the youngsters whose parents do not understand them, the play about the all-patient, all-enduring mother who nobly bears her burden of trial and sorrow, the one about the proud and intolerant Aryan who is discovered to have had a grandfather named Goldfarb, or the one that sardonically essays to prove that a bawdyhouse and its inmates are essentially every bit as respectable as anything you could find on Park Avenue.

What may keep the reviewers and audiences awake I shall hint at in a subsequent treatise.

THE END

Which teams will win this year's Pennants?

The tops among baseball experts
give you Liberty's annual forecast



Eddie Joost, whom the Cincinnati Reds "will have in Myers' place."

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Many changes, some of them drastic, have been made in the management and personnel of several of the big-league baseball teams. How will these changes affect the pennant races in 1941? Herewith Liberty presents forecasts by some of the foremost baseball writers, in which they tell Jerry Lewis the whys and wherefores for their predictions.

—Jack Dempsey, Sports Editor.

WHICH teams will win the major-league pennants this year? Because Liberty believes in giving you your news as far in advance as possible, it has, through your correspondent, balloted the outstanding sports writers of America.

In the American League it was always the practice of the experts to pick the defending champions to repeat. This time they have left the Detroit Tigers and predicted an almost dead-heat finish between the New York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians. The final tabulation showed the Yankees in front by—one point!

In the National League, the Cincinnati Reds were picked to win handily by approximately two thirds of the guest selectors. Almost every expert who picked them merely wrote "Cincinnati Reds" and let it go at that, as if reasons would be superfluous. Among those confident soothsayers were Gene Ward of the New York Daily News, Dave DeLong of the Allentown (Pennsylvania) Chronicle, Bill King of the Associated Press, Jim Bagley of the International News Service, and Tommy Laird of the San Francisco News.

BY
**JERRY D.
LEWIS**

Lester Biederman of the Pittsburgh Press sent along his reasons: "The Reds were the standout team in baseball last year. I can't see where they have been weakened or where the Dodgers have been strengthened enough to close that huge gap. The Redleg infield last year was as good as any in baseball. This year they will be without Billy Myers, but they will have in his place young Eddie Joost. In the outfield McKechnie can pick any three from amongst Ival Goodman, Mike Mc-

THE EXPERTS PREDICT:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Cincinnati Reds
2. Brooklyn Dodgers
3. St. Louis Cardinals
4. Pittsburgh Pirates
5. Chicago Cubs
6. New York Giants
7. Boston Bees
8. Philadelphia Phillies

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. New York Yankees
2. Cleveland Indians
3. Boston Red Sox
4. Detroit Tigers
5. Chicago White Sox
6. St. Louis Browns
7. Washington Senators
8. Philadelphia Athletics

Cormick, Jimmy Ripple, Jimmy Gleeson, and Harry Craft. Paul Derringer again heads a pitching staff composed of Bucky Walters, Gene Thompson, Johnny Vander Meer, Jim Turner, and Whitey Moore. In addition, the good Deacon has picked up Monte Pearson from the New York Yankees. In my book, the Reds are the biggest cinch since Dempsey at Toledo!"

Wilbur Kinley, sports editor of the Jackson (Mississippi) Daily News, writes: "In Derringer and Bucky Walters the Cincinnati club has the best one-two punch in sports! It's almost impossible to beat both of them in the same series, which is what will continue to keep the Reds from having any long slumps."

And Lou Smith of the Cincinnati Enquirer has assured us not only that his home town will win the pennant but that Derringer will pitch

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the opening game of the World Series against Bobby Feller—which will make it an all-Ohio World Series.

Ken Smith of the New York Daily Mirror writes: "I thought the race was going to be very close, but when the schedules came out, I switched to Cincinnati, because the Reds play at home during the final month of the campaign—while Brooklyn must play every game after September 7 away from Ebbets Field."

But there were also many experts equally optimistic about the Dodgers. Among these were Jack Singer of the New York Journal-American, Louis Effrat of the New York Times, Maurice O. Shevlin of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Tom Paprocki, ace sports cartoonist of the Associated Press, and Web Morse of the Christian Science Monitor.

BILL CORUM, columnist of the New York Journal-American, wrote: "For five years now I have been picking the St. Louis Cardinals to win. Despite my logic, though, they never did. So now I'm going to desert and pick the Dodgers. I hope they can stand it! As before, I have my reasons. Look at that infield! Dolph Camilli, Pete Coscarart, Pee-Wee Reese, and Cookie Lavagetto—that's the best infield the National League has had since Herman and Jurgens were in their salad days with the Cubs.

"In the outfield Durocher now has Joe Medwick in left field, Fred "Dixie" Walker in center field, and Paul Waner, Pete Reiser, or Joe Vosmik in right field.

"On the pitching mound, the Brooks are also well fortified. Hugh Casey should be ready to carry more than his own weight, which is plenty. Whit Wyatt with any kind of luck should win from eighteen to twenty-three games. Walter Kirby Higbe has the ability to win twenty games with ease. The rest of the pitching chore will be divided among Tex Carleton, Freddie Fitzsimmons, Curt Davis, and Lefty Lee Grissom, every one of whom is an honest-to-goodness big-leaguer."

Charles Dexter of the Daily Worker picks Brooklyn, although how his boss allowed him to pick against the Reds I can't understand.

Harold Kaese, the very capable Boston Transcript columnist, says: "I am picking Brooklyn because (a) I don't think Bill McKechnie's team is so good that it can win three pennants in succession; (b) because Joe Medwick is due for a good year; and (c) because guys like MacPhail and Durocher can't keep kicking up such an eternal fuss without being draped with a flag one of these days."

The third choice of the experts was the St. Louis Cardinals, last year's top choice. Among the 8 per cent who think that Manager Billy Southworth can succeed are Mike Gaven of the Sporting News, Harry Forbes of the New York Daily News, and Bob Hooley of the Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

Ted Husing wrote us: "Branch

Rickey once picked Pepper Martin to be the hero of the World Series. Seven months later Pepper Martin was the hero of the series. In the spring of 1940 Rickey warned that the Cards were not yet ready to win. But he added that, in his opinion, 1941 would be the Cardinals' year. Until he lets me down, I must respect his swami-like wisdom."

Amos Melton of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram said: "The Cards won nine straight last midseason, but were too far out of it by the time the victories came. This year they'll never be that far off the pace."

The fourth most popular choice was the Pittsburgh Pirates, though they were picked by only Arthur Siegel of the Boston Traveler, Harry LeDuc of the Detroit News, and Joseph P. Val, sports editor of the New York World-Telegram. None of these three sent in his reasons.

The Cubs were picked to finish fifth, the Giants to finish sixth. Ira Seebacher of the Morning Telegraph picked the Boston Bees to win!—but the composite opinion is that Boston and Philadelphia will contest for the cellar position. Philadelphia is favored to sink into the cellar yet again, despite Boston's strong bid.

AS to the American League photo-finish pennant race that the experts say we have before us, about 45 per cent picked the New York Yankees. Among these were John P. Carmichael of the Chicago Daily News, Fred Russell of the Nashville Banner, Wilbur Wood, sports editor of the New York Sun, and Lawton Carver, sports editor of International News Service.

Mark Hellinger, the King Features Syndicate columnist and Warner Brothers producer, wrote: "The Yankees could win this year with Winchell playing second base for them and Tommy Manville on the pitching mound. Now you know how strong I think they are."

Jack Mahon of the New York Daily News wrote: "Unless the draft whisks away some of their promising stars, the Yankees should repeat. Last year their entire ball club fell apart, and new young players will have to be inserted. While those who will be the ultimate regulars in the 1941 Yankee infield are still battling for their jobs, whichever players win will guarantee a top-notch inner defense.

"From everything I have heard about the K. C. Kids, Gerry Priddy and Phil Rizzuto, they are ready to step into a big-league line-up, and if they fail to make good, it will be the greatest upset since Waterloo.

"In the outfield, Manager Joe McCarthy will have Joe DiMaggio in center field. Both other garden positions will be in the constantly disputed possession of George Selkirk and Charlie Keller, or Tommy Henrich and Tommy Holmes. The only basic weakness is that, with the exception of DiMaggio, every one of the outfielders is a left-handed hitter.

"Pitching will be the big problem

in 1941. With Gomez, Ruffing, and Pearson contributing little or nothing during the stretch drive, the Yankees still finished only two games behind the winning Tigers last year. This year, with a staff composed of Ernie Bonham, Marius Russo, Atley Donald, Ruffing, and an added rookie or two, the Yankees are a cinch to pick up those two games and a few more besides."

Two men I know picked the Yankees to finish third last year. One of them thinks they'll come back in 1941. His name is Connie Mack. He said: "The Yanks have been shorn of the thing that beat them in 1940—overconfidence. I can't, because of my position, come out flatly and tell you that the Yankees are my choice to win the pennant, but I think you can guess what I mean when I tell you that I'd be very happy if my team wound up right behind the Yanks this year."

Harry B. Smith of the San Francisco Chronicle writes: "Every one tells you that the 1940 Yankees fell apart. Yet what really beat them was the injury to Joe DiMaggio. If injuries don't plague the boy from my home town, they will win this flag by ten games."

THE second most popular choice, picked by 44 per cent of the experts, was Cleveland, under its new manager, Roger Peckinpaugh. Last year, with a pennant within their grasp, the Indians rebelled against their manager, Oscar Vitt, and lost to Detroit. Among the experts who think that this will be the year for them are Bob Hunter of the Los Angeles Examiner, Victor O. Jones of the Boston Globe, Don Basenfelder of the Philadelphia Record, J. Roy Stockton of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Vincent X. Flaherty of the Washington Times-Herald, Franklin Lewis, sports editor of the Cleveland Press, and Tallent Tubbs of the San Francisco Chronicle.

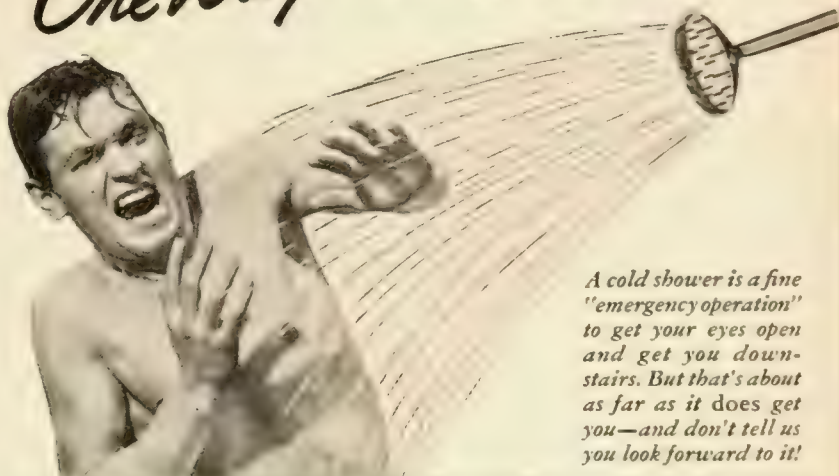
The Boston Red Sox are rated this year by the experts as the third most likely to succeed. They were picked to win by such writers as Bill Driscoll of the Philadelphia Record, L. J. Skiddy of the Syracuse (New York) Herald, R. H. Gallivan of the Pittsburgh Press, and Charles Morey of the United Press.

The Detroit Tigers, last year's winners, just managed to nose out the Chicago White Sox for fourth place in the balloting. Among those who went out on the limb for Del Baker's crew were C. R. Stark, Jr., of the Spokane (Washington) Spokesman, Elliot Cushing of the Rochester (New York) Democrat and Chronicle, and W. W. Edgar of the Detroit Free Press.

The Chicago White Sox have been put in the fifth slot, with St. Louis, Washington, and the Philadelphia Athletics bringing up the rear. The A's were the almost unanimous choice to finish last, and one expert, Danny Dwyer, even picked them to finish in the International League!

THE END

A COLD SHOWER IS *One Way* TO WAKE UP



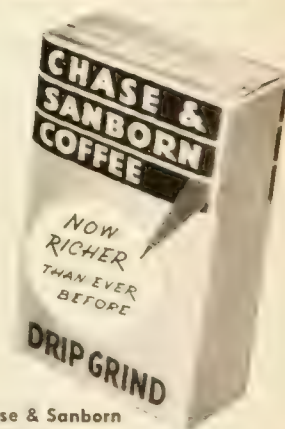
A cold shower is a fine "emergency operation" to get your eyes open and get you downstairs. But that's about as far as it does get you—and don't tell us you look forward to it!

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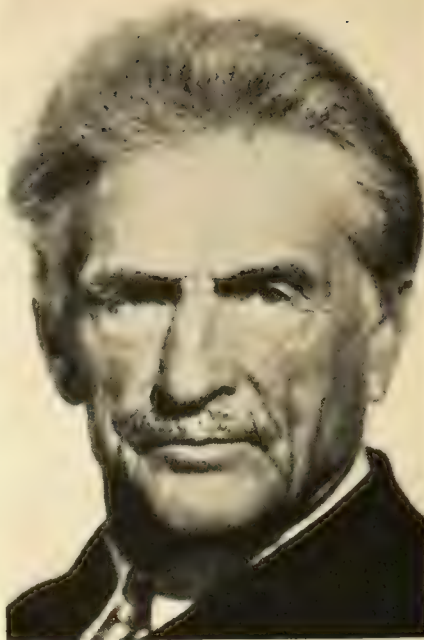
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CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PHYSICAL CULTURE was my first magazine, published in 1898. Forty-three years in the publishing field is a long record.

For more than ten years I have been desirous of relinquishing the responsibilities of managing this huge business. A prolonged depression has kept me in the saddle. Recently, however, an opportunity occurred which enabled me to hand over the responsibility of management to executives who have been associated with our organization



My disappointment at failure in this instance was very keen, and I endeavored, through the publishing world, to broadcast natural methods of healing. I entered the general publishing field, presenting numerous magazines to the public. At one time our organization owned nine daily newspapers. But during all this period my particular ambition was continually before me, and now that I am freed from the business problems of conducting a great publishing organization I will again devote my attention more in detail to problems in all phases of health building.

More than fifty years of observance in all phases of the health-building field, including many years of personal effort, has enabled me to acquire a great fund of invaluable knowledge.

I gave away practically all of my assets to the Foundation referred to previously. I have nothing but my personal desire to promote the health of our public.

At the present time the Foundation has three great health-building institutions, conducted on a nonprofit basis: The Physical Culture Hotel

43 YEARS in the Publishing Field

throughout periods ranging from twenty to thirty-eight years. They are capable and efficient men and I am confident that they will be able to continue the business on a basis that will insure its continued expansion.

Many of my friends will be interested to know my own plans for the future. They are rather indefinite, except as they appertain to the promotion of the interests of the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, a beneficent organization to which all my assets were given approximately ten years ago, after I had set up trust funds for all the members of my family.

My hobby, as my friends and readers well know, is health building. From my point of view the healing world has become so technical, the various systems are so far apart, that something should be done definitely to clarify this confusion.

There is nothing more important than the health of the public. Everything else can be minimized in comparison.

We have scientifically ascertained

the proper method of caring for domestic animals, but in the human world we have all sorts of competing systems.

Yet there must be a right way to cure the various diseases that afflict humanity, and I feel it should be the government's duty to test all these various methods, and to ascertain what could profitably be recommended to the general public.

When I first became interested in the healing art I was wildly enthusiastic about the simple measures which accomplished such marvelous results in my own case. I thought that a demonstration proving the accuracy of my conclusions in a number of cases could be broadcast throughout the world, and that these simple measures of cure would be accepted and used by the healing profession everywhere.

But even in that period, about forty years ago, medical measures were standardized. The people at large were reluctant to accept any proof unless it came through medical channels.

at Dansville, the Loomis Sanatorium for tuberculosis, and the Macfadden-Deauville resort at Miami Beach.

My work in the future will be the promotion of these institutions. And practitioners everywhere, regardless of what school of therapy they represent, will always be welcome guests. If they want to spend a week-end at any of these places during what we refer to as the slack season, no charge will be made for entertaining them.

We want to spread the knowledge of our methods generally, throughout the world.

Some of my articles will be published in the various Macfadden magazines in the future, as in the past, and I want to take this opportunity of thanking my innumerable friends for their courtesy and support, which I hope will continue in the future.

Bernarr Macfadden

Famine in Europe - what will it mean?

Here's a swift and searching look at the frightening facts

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

NOW out from their dark stables ride the last two, the most dreaded, of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. War and Death began their savage careers more than a year ago. Now Famine and Pestilence are loosed to stalk the bloody sky of Europe—to bring to men and women and children alike the deepest misery that the world can know. For the coming of hunger and disease is more terrible than the explosion of shells.

It is almost impossible for us, in the midst of plenty, to understand very well what this means. We have difficulty realizing a scene in which 250,000,000 people very much like ourselves are whimpering for food. But it is worth trying to do just that, because nothing else, neither battles nor the destruction of cities, brings home so vividly the anguish of war.

Of course all of us have read of famines in the past. But the suffering peoples have generally been remote from us, both in space and in their native way of life: Ukrainian peasants or Chinese coolies.

Today, however, we are able to look, not actually at ourselves in dire distress, but at people almost exactly like us: Frenchmen and Germans, Danes and Dutchmen and Austrians. For their lands, too, were lands of plenty before the holocaust.

I do not mean that Europe could produce all of the food it needed. It has not done that for more than one hundred years. But making up the deficit, in ample fashion, was a very simple matter. For Europe manufactured things that the great food-producing peoples of the Western World wanted. It was easy to trade for food, and ships plied the seven seas in that commerce.

BY
MORRIS MARKEY

No longer. The blockades are tight and relentless. And in Europe itself, the worst harvest in generations. Droughts and floods have completed the ruin of crops already raked by shells and rolling tanks and trench diggers—and most of the farmers were in uniform anyway.

Of what was left, the conquering Germans appropriated everything they could find. Gone are the noble dairy herds of Denmark and Holland. Granaries are empty. Even the lambs and the poultry have gone their way to the field kitchens of the regiments. It is almost as if a plague of locusts had passed over western Europe.

For an immediate and cruel example of what this really means, I give you conquered France. The French, even the poorest peasants among them, have always been renowned for their love of food. It was food, in excellent quality and full quantity, which made the peasant and the laborer healthy, strong with life, and tireless.

Now, out of bleak necessity, he has been put upon the most stringent rations the civilized world has ever known, in the hope that somehow the scanty stores of food will last.

Here is what each of the 42,000,000 men and women and children of France may eat:

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound of meat a week. (One hamburger a day, except Sunday. Forty pounds a year. The average American eats 171 pounds a year.)

12 ounces of stale bread a day. (The standard American loaf is 18 ounces.)

2 ounces of cheese a week.

3 ounces of fat a week.

1 pound of sugar a month.

10 ounces adulterated coffee a month.

9 ounces macaroni a month.

4 ounces rice a month, for children only.

Milk, in very limited quantities, for children only.

Life can be sustained on such a diet, I think. But the mere keeping of body and soul together is hardly enough for a human being made in the image of his Creator.

For vitality will wane and, as it does, epidemics of disease will scour the land. Children will grow up pale and sickly, if they survive at all.

Let us look at the implications lying within a single item on that ration list—perhaps the one least likely to catch your attention: Fat: 3 ounces a week. That means all the butter, lard, margarine, olive oil, and vegetable cooking fats allowed an individual in seven days. At our dinner tables we do not bother to think much about fats. We eat our butter or margarine with our bread. And we realize that the eggs or the waffles, the onions or potatoes are fried in fat. But only the meal planner troubles whether butter or lard or vegetable shortening goes into our apple pie or three-layer cake.

That is because our systems are satisfied. They are getting enough fat, whether vegetable or animal, to keep us in trim, so that we never think of it one way or the other.

Now the primary function of fat is to keep the body warm. It is a sort of thermal control which enables us to endure the contrasts in atmospheric temperature as sunlight turns to darkness or as season flows into

season. When we turn from warm to cold, the body burns up a little stored fat, stokes the furnace, and body heat remains at normal. Then, in the course of our ordinary diet, we eat a little more fat to replenish the bins, hardly aware that we are eating it.

European winters are savage cold—cold and raw and wet. Men already hungry who cannot get enough fat to steady their bodies against the bitter winds have suffered cruel punishment. Men and women and children half-starved and freezing *from within* have been easy prey to the pneumonia germs and the influenza virus, to typhus and edema.

And fat serves another critical function in the body. All of the nerves and nerve ends are incased in fat. If the fat requirements of the general system are not met, these vital reserves are burnt away. And people become jumpy, depressed, and inordinately quick of temper.

It is a truthful saying that "No-body hates a fat man." His geniality springs from the fact that his nerves are well cushioned in fat.

A third function is served by fat, and certainly not the least important. The thing which makes woman a more gently molded figure than man is nothing more nor less than the even distribution of fat upon her body. A woman living without a normal diet of fatstuffs becomes angular. Worse, she becomes rawboned and ugly, because she has not

the muscular sheath of the male.

It is not far-fetched to believe that this change in the female may have a definite effect upon the procreative instincts of the male. And such children as will be born cannot hope for proper nourishment of their bodies, either before birth or after it.

As I have said, before the war Europe had plenty of food. One of their largest importations was fatstuffs. Lard, of course, and butter. But they were enormous users of vegetable fats: olive oil from North Africa and Spain, coconut oil from the South Seas, and, perhaps most important of all, peanut oil and cottonseed oil from the United States.

They were very skillful in the processing of vegetable oils, hardening them by hydrogenation and other techniques which we have used so successfully in this country. These oils are excellent, palatable, digestible alternatives to animal fats, and, particularly from the European point of view, have one considerable advantage: They do not require refrigeration.

To the European there was no more problem than we have now of providing sufficient fats for the vitamins they contain, the body fuel they provide, their thermal control, their nerve insulation, and their indispensability to feminine beauty.

But now the war and its blockade are the realities. And now we see the hoofmarks of those two frightful Horsemen upon the mellow fields, the

pleasant villages, the great cities of all Europe.

Perhaps their galloping is a good and satisfying sound in the ears of the conqueror when he lies upon his pillow at night. But if I were Herr Hitler I would not be too easy in my mind. More than 300 years ago, Mr. William Shakespeare put certain words into the mouth of another conqueror. That was Julius Caesar. His doom was upon him, retribution for his arrogance and cruelty. He scented that doom as he glanced at his chiefest Nemesis, and murmured:

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. . . .
Would he were fatter! but I fear him not: . . .
He is a great observer and he looks Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease . . .
And therefore are they very dangerous.
THE END



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Yankee Eagle Over London

Battle, blackout, hairbreadth escape! An American's vivid story of fighting for England

PART FOUR—I TILT A LANCE OR TWO WITH DEATH

THE squadron leader opened his throttle and waved the chocks away. His Spitfire shuddered for an instant and then sprinted across the long runway. We followed close behind in sections of three.

Over the two-way radio came instructions from sector headquarters: "Patrol Channel at twenty-five thousand feet."

As we leveled off, five miles above the Channel, we could see tiny specks

BY PILOT OFFICER GENE TOBIN
EAGLE SQUADRON, R.A.F., AS TOLD TO
ROBERT LOW



Then suddenly the plane leveled off and he climbed out on the wing and jumped.

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

Early in 1940 three danger-loving flyers, Gene Tobin, Andy Mamedoff, and Vernon Keough, nicknamed "Shorty," set sail for France from Halifax to join the French Armée de l'Air, after the necessary preliminaries in Canada. But when they arrive in Paris the great German drive is under way. Chaos seems imminent.

However, the three pilots are signed on by the French Air Ministry, much to their delight,

and they are sent to Tours. There, day after day, all they hear is that they will fly any moment. Weary of these officialdom promises, and running up a staggering hotel bill in the meantime, Gene, Andy, and Shorty lend willing ears to a scheme being hatched by a couple of equally dissatisfied Czechs.

Their plan is to seize French planes, willy-nilly, and head for England, but the Czechs are shot by guards. Escaping a similar fate, Gene, Andy, and Shorty sail for Plymouth, and by a stroke of luck get into the R. A. F.

crawling along the thin gray ribbon which divides England from the Continent. A convoy was going through the Straits of Dover. They're usually good bait for German bombers, so the chances were we'd see action.

I was weaving back and forth in my role of "Rear End Charlie," keeping an eye open for the "bandits." Everything going nicely, with the exception of my oxygen tank,

which didn't work at all. Breathing the thin air at that altitude wasn't very pleasant. But it didn't bother me for long.

For suddenly we spotted them coming out of the clouds about two miles ahead of us. Messerschmitt Jaguar bombers. Fifty or more.

Fortunately we had the advantage because we saw them before they saw us. Over the radio the squadron leader ordered us to close into tight battle formation. Then we swooped down for the attack.

I picked out a likely customer and fastened onto his tail. Before his rear gunner could bring the swivel gun into action, I got him into my sights, pressed the fire-control button on the stick and gave him a good deflection shot. The stream of tracer raked his fuselage. The Jaguar climbed almost vertically as though the pilot was trying to loop. For an instant it seemed to remain motionless, pointing at the sun. Then it fell off to the right and disappeared.

I made no attempt to follow him. There were too many planes in the air, and if I started down, it would leave me wide open to a tail attack. It's always nice to know whether you've really scored a bull's-eye. But you're worth more alive than dead. Anyway, why worry about him? There are plenty more where he came from.

As I broke away, another Messerschmitt very kindly crossed in front of me, right smack in the center of my sights, so I gave him a quick burst. His left motor stopped and he started down in a series of crazy turns and spins. This time I followed, to give him another burst and finish him off. But in order to do so, I had to make a sharp turn at more than 350 miles per hour.

We were at 19,000 feet now and the combination of no oxygen and the violent turn blacked me out.

The dream I had during that "blackout" was terrifying. Everything seemed fine, yet something seemed to say, "You are in an airplane and you are fighting. You'd better come to; there may be some one on your tail."

WHEN I snapped out of it, I found I was flying absolutely level at 1,000 feet. That meant I had dropped 18,000 feet. Whether I'd come straight down or done a series of spins, or what, I don't know.

But I was crossing the English Channel.

[Here five lines were deleted by the British censor.]

I turned and climbed back, looking for the squadron. But the sky was clear of planes—German or British—so I headed back to the field and landed.

And were the boys relieved to see me again. They all thought I had been shot down.

"I was sure you'd been hit, the way you broke off and went spinning down," one of them said. "I knew

you hadn't bailed out, so I watched you as long as I could. The last I saw, you were still spinning and awfully close to the water."

Well, the blackout had been a nasty experience, and yet I think I learned more that day about combat tactics than in all the battles since.

I made out my report and mentioned two probable victories. In the R. A. F. we don't get credit for German planes shot down unless we actually see them go in, or they blow apart in the air, or some one else verifies seeing the crash.

THE next day I really saw what a Spitfire could take in the way of a beating and still come home flying. We were up on patrol at 25,000 feet and had been up about an hour and a half when we spotted some Dornier 17s. But they saw us and turned back.

Again I was playing my usual role of Rear End Charlie, and Andy was in the section about 1,000 feet below me, flying the slowest plane in the squadron, and it was difficult for him to keep up with the boys.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, some one dived on Andy and threw the whole Krupp factory at him. He stopped two cannon shells and enough machine-gun stuff to pepper both wings. One went through his elevator, blew off his trimming tab and about a foot of fabric from the elevator, smashed the tail wheel, went up through the center of the fuselage, smashing the radio, on through his armor plating and seat, through his parachute harness and gave him an awful thump in the back! For a week after he looked like the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

It was Andy's birthday, so that night we took him in to the local "pub" and drank to the present he'd received from the Krupp factory.

The next time out it was my turn to run into trouble. We were 15,000 feet over a little English town when I noticed a sudden drop in my oil pressure. I called the squadron leader on the radio and told him.

"Better go down and park the thing before it quits on you," he answered.

He was right. She quit on me about 500 feet from a little airport I'd managed to find and I had to bring her in downwind. Trying to miss a couple of planes that were dispersed along the edge of the field, I hit a hedge and bent the landing flaps. For a moment it was even money whether the Spitfire was going over on her back. She hesitated, with her tail up in the air about forty-five degrees. I just sat there waiting for her to make up her mind. Finally she decided "no"—and we landed.

There was an air raid going on in this district, so I had to take shelter. After the raid we pushed the plane into a new hangar, and I was just checking the damage when a Junkers 88 dropped out of the clouds and dive-bombed us.

A bomb came screaming through the corner of the hangar and landed just outside. By this time I was already prone under the plane. She must have been fused for ten seconds' delayed action, because there was silence for a moment and then she went off.

The old Spitfire rocked back and forth as dust, dirt, and debris fell all over the place. The steel hangar door bulged inward like half an orange from the blast. But she held.

I crawled out from under the plane feeling as if I'd had a Turkish bath. I was that damp with perspiration. I'd seen what a hangar door could do to a man if it fell on him.

The more we saw of the boys in our squadron the better we liked them. Most were members of the Auxiliary R. A. F., which meant that before the war they had done their flying over week-ends and in odd moments, rather like the pilots being trained in the United States today under the Civil Air Administration scheme.

In the group were newspapermen, a dentist, a would-be lawyer—not very good at law and admitted it—a radio expert, a grocery-store owner, a couple of salesmen, and a bank clerk. Those are the type of guys who are fighting this war.

One particular pal of mine is an Englishman called Johnnie Dundas. He received the D. F. C. the other day, and he certainly earned it. He'd been all through the Battle of France, Dunkirk—and the blitz on England. So far, he has about fifteen confirmed victories and a mass of probables.

For some reason, nobody knows why, his nickname around the squadron is "Dogs." He's over six feet tall and looks like anybody's idea of Ichabod Crane. But what a personality!

SOME of the scrapes the boys get into during and after battles would make Mr. Ripley sit up and take notice.

During a big scrap one of our pilots caught a batch of incendiary bullets in his gas tank and the plane started to burn merrily. He did the only sensible thing and bailed out. The chute opened and he floated down real peaceful like until he noticed he was heading for a very tall chimney by a power station. Now, there are thousands of chimneys in England, but that's no reason why you should be unlucky enough to find one right under you. He started pulling the shroud lines in order to miss it and he did a very good job. So good, in fact, that he went right in.

The parachute canopy spread over the top of the chimney and he went sliding down about twenty feet or so and just hung there. Luckily there was no fire going that day or he might have been burnt to death. As it was, he nearly suffocated.

There was no way to get him down from inside the chimney itself, so they had to call for the tallest hook-and-ladder wagon in the county,

climb up to the top and haul him out. He looked like Al Jolson singing Mammy, but the next day he was back flying.

On another occasion one of the sergeant pilots stopped a couple of bullets in his glycol tank and the motor seized up. He was above the Channel. But instead of trying to glide in to shore, he started dropping straight down to the water.

A few of the other pilots in the squadron saw the smoke pouring from his plane and knew he was in trouble. So they stayed around, circling above him for protection in case he bailed out. They didn't want any playful German taking pot shots. But he stayed in the plane until it was only fifty feet above the water and doing about 300 miles per hour. Then suddenly the plane leveled off and he climbed out on the wing and jumped. Naturally, the chute did not open in time.

He hit the water doing at least 250 miles per hour in a forward direction and went bouncing along the surface like an aquaplane. After he'd gone almost 500 feet, he began to slow down. Finally he stopped altogether and just floated in the water supported by his life jacket.

One of the R. A. F. high-speed rescue launches came whizzing out and picked him up. He was still very much alive. In fact, the only injury he'd suffered was a badly bruised ankle which had been hit by the tail of the plane as he bailed out. Why that guy wasn't killed, hitting the water at that speed, you figure out.

Of course there's not always a happy landing. One day the squadron was up on patrol, flying in formation, when one of the boys called up his section leader on the radio and said he was leaving the formation.

Slowly he started gliding down, his motor still turning over. The section leader called him and ordered him back to the formation. But he kept going on down.

THEY found the plane in a field the next day. It had made a pretty good crash landing and was still intact. When they got the pilot out, he was dead. But there wasn't a mark on him. There wasn't a single bullet hole in the plane or a sign of engine or structural failure. What happened, I don't know.

But the funniest one I've come across happened to one of the boys during a dogfight with a Messerschmitt 109. The British pilot sent some lead into the Daimler-Benz engine and stopped it dead. So the German glided down into a big field and made a belly landing, climbed out of the plane, and stood by it unhurt, smoking a cigarette.

The Spitfire that had shot him down circled above a couple of times and, finding it was a fairly large field, thought he would land and capture the man he had shot down.

He came in with his landing gear and flaps down and touched the ground doing a perfect three-point.

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Help Guard Against Gingivitis This Tested FORHAN Way

Every morning and night—massage your gums and brush your teeth with Forhan's Toothpaste—the FIRST and ORIGINAL toothpaste for *both* massaging gums and cleaning teeth:

This Forhan method is so effective:

1. It stimulates gums to be firmer—thus more able to ward off infection.
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At drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS

Wise people now visit their dentists every 3 months instead of the old fashioned idea of "twice a year". Thus he can keep a close watch for signs of Gingivitis, detect and fill small cavities and save you pain and dental bills.



FOR FIRMER GUMS—"NATURALLY" SPARKLING TEETH

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New Brighton, S. I., N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE, \$100

MRS. ALICE G. WHISLER
Portland, Ore.

FOURTH PRIZE, \$50

ESSIE L. ROBERTSON
Webster Groves, Mo.

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220 PRIZES, EACH \$5

Sara Abbott, Trenton, N. J.; Ida V. Ackerle, Santa Barbara, Calif.; D. L. Adkins, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Thomas E. Allison, Danville, Ill.; S. M. Andersen, New York, N. Y.; Jasper H. Armstrong, Silver Spring, Md.; Mrs. J. W. Backstrom, Jr., Leakesville, Miss.; Margaret Bailey, Corcoran, Calif.; Stanley Bakota, Homestead, Pa.; Stanley Balter, New York, N. Y.; Agnes Bartholomew, South Bend, Ind.; Lois E. Beatty, Beaumont, Tex.; E. Taine Bennitt, Chicago, Ill.; Ethie C. Berry, Lynn, Mass.; Bertha I. Bird, Portland, Me.; Ina Boerrigter, Pueblo, Colo.; Sister M. Bonaventure, Marshall, Mo.; Charles B. Bowling, Norman, Okla.; Lilly Brenner, Clay Center, Kan.; Gordon C. Brown, Baltimore, Md.; Frederick B. Bryant, Malone, N. Y.; George L. Bush, Shaker Hgts., Ohio; Manley P. Caldwell, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Carol Carr, Washington, D. C.; Edward P. Carter, Jr., Mount Kisco, N. Y.; M. A. Cavanaugh, Blockton, Ia.; Margaret Chipman, Montclair, N. J.; Harrison B. Clapp, Springfield, Mass.; Olin Clark, Warren, Ind.; Foster Clarke, Jonesboro, Ark.; Powell Clayton, Belmont, Mass.; Della Cobb, Shawnee, Okla.
(To be continued in an early issue)

OLD AGE PENSION PLANS

Careful examination of all material received in response to the offer last July by Bernarr Macfadden to pay \$1,000 to the author of any acceptable solution for the old age pension problem has failed to reveal any plan which Mr. Macfadden has felt justified in sponsoring. In view of this, the offer is withdrawn.

But as the plane rolled along it hit a small ditch and—wham!—over it went on its back with the pilot wedged in the cockpit, but also unhurt.

So the German, who had been nonchalantly watching all this, took another drag on his cigarette and tossed it away. Then he sauntered over and helped our would-be hero out of his jam. When he'd brushed him off and given him a smoke, the German clicked his heels and surrendered.

If there's one thing that gives a fighter pilot confidence, it is that old ace in the hole, his parachute. In the last war the boys hardly ever bothered to wear them. "If you get it, you get it," was their motto. But today your plane can be shot away from under you and still you've got a better than even-money chance. The pilots of more than half the British planes shot down in this war have bailed out and landed safely.

UP to date I've only heard of one case where a chute failed to open. And that was just tough luck.

A pilot whose plane had caught fire jumped out at a height of 15,000 feet. One of the pilots in his squadron saw him go and watched as he pulled the rip cord. But the welcome sight of the big white umbrella didn't follow. He just dropped to the ground like a stone.

When they found what was left of him, the chute was still intact. There

was just one bullet hole in it. And that bullet had cut the thin steel rip cord inside the chute right in half. A million to one against, but that's the way it goes.

After that first battle, we were up every day for hours, sometimes fighting, sometimes patrolling. Andy and Shorty between them shot down a Dornier bomber, literally cutting the thing to bits with the concentrated fire of their sixteen machine guns. They actually sawed one of the Dornier's wings off before she crashed. Andy was particularly pleased about this because it meant that for a change he was giving something instead of taking it. His back was still sore from the cannon shell.

At the beginning of September the aerial blitz was intensified. More fights and fewer peaceful patrols. The German Air Force was developing the attack which on the 15th of September was supposed to smash the R. A. F. from the skies and open the way for invasion. But it didn't work out quite that way, if you'll remember. I know, because I was right in the middle of the biggest air battle the world has ever seen.

How will our three knights-errant make out in the biggest of all air battles looming ahead? Reserve your "front seat" in next week's Liberty for the stupendous finale in this first-hand narrative of the R. A. F. boys. Order your copy now for a thrilling experience!

The Good Neighbor

Liberty's True Short Short

BY W. L. THORNE



JUST the other day, while packing back in the High Sierras of California, I stumbled onto a picturesque little camp on one of the full-running creeks. My mission is one of looking for the illusive metal, and I found another searcher ahead of me.

The sole occupant of the camp was a weather-beaten hard-boiled-looking old codger.

"Got some good hot coffee on the fire. 'Light down and git some."

I never refuse a good cup of coffee in the mountains, or anywhere else, for that matter. So down I got, and the coffee as well as my host's conversation were typical—both strong.

I was well into my second cup when suddenly my friend got up and began putting his pack together.

"Better git these dang things moved up the creek before the day's half gone."

"I thought you said you just got

in last night," I said with surprise.

"That's right," he said; "but that gol-darned smoke from that darned fire blows right into that little tree over there."

"Smoke won't hurt the trees, and besides," I ventured, "this is a much better spot for a camp than the one up there."

"You're right there, pardner. This camp is the best and the smoke won't hurt the trees, but there's a couple of robins got their nest in that little tree."

"Robins? Oh, I see."

"Yep, robins, and it took those little rascals a long time to make their camp. I wouldn't want to smoke them out. It won't take me long to move and won't break my back to go further up. Those robins will be eating out of my hand before the snow flies. And—anyway—they were here first."

THE END

see this

Third of a series . . A lively, eye-opening
guide to streamlined vacation joys in 1941

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Amazing America! the *Bus Way*



READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

OPPPOSITE the bus stop in Salome, Arizona—the town's slogan is "Where She Danced!"—stands a one-story wooden building which calls itself the Justice Court. And across its front in staring black letters runs this couplet:

No Waiting! No Delay!
Get Married Here Today.

Which only goes to show the completeness of the service which the bus people are prepared to offer their patrons on the long trek across Western desert and plain!

More important, however, to most busers—and more directly attributable to the enterprise and foresight of the busmen—is the building opposite the Justice Court. It isn't one of the great motorbus terminals. It is simply a bus-approved café and rest room in a small desert town.

But how much that word "approved" has come to mean in the brief period in which the cross-country bus has grown from a jitney to a luxury liner of the road!

Once, in the slightly post-jitney period, I traveled 8,000 miles by bus to find out what the new contraption was all about. The cars were not luxury liners then. What made bus travel in those early days almost unbearably grim, however, was not the bus but the bus stop.

The latter, if it were out on the desert, would most likely consist of a gas pump, a sticky bowl of bean soup, and a depleted assortment of flyspecked gum. As for washrooms and the like, they just did not exist.

But today, 1941, when the modern

supercoach, with its polished stainless metal exterior and richly upholstered air-conditioned interior, draws up at Salome, Arizona, every passenger knows that inside a modern roadside caravansary will be found clean, appetizing food, well cooked and well served, perhaps a well stocked bar, and certainly clean modern toilet accommodations.

Next worse feature of bus travel in those early days was the air the passengers were forced to breathe in the buses themselves. The fumes from the engine out front and from the contraptions used for heaters inside were well-nigh unbearable when the windows were closed. And if the windows were opened, the dust and the draft were overwhelming.

In the modern supercoach the engine has taken a back seat—it rides behind; it is often Diesel-driven;



DON'T LET FATIGUE play havoc with looks! Crow's feet appear fast enough without being further hastened by squinting. Two drops of EYE-GENE speedily clears eyes reddened from fatigue, driving, over-indulgence, etc.



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Few women today do not suffer some distress from monthly functional disturbances. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, cross and nervous at such times? Then try famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to

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NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

you cannot see it, hear it, feel it, or smell it. The new hot-water heaters are fumeless too. And it is not necessary to open windows to dust and draft in the hope of getting coolness or freshness in the air. For today the supercoach that rolls into Salome, Arizona, is completely air-conditioned. Through thousands of tiny holes in the ceiling, so small as to be imperceptible, a steady draftless supply of fresh clean air floods the coach. The driver, with the aid of a thermostat, keeps the coach at an even temperature, which can be, if necessary, thirty-five degrees lower than the summer heat outside.

A very few years ago the only motor vehicle for hire in all America shuttled back and forth over a six-mile route. Today the motorbus lines of America serve thousands of separate communities and many millions of people who are not reached by any other form of public transportation. The largest of the great systems operates nearly 3,000 buses, which serve more than 50,000 miles of highway. But even this figure fades when we learn that the actual number of miles the buses travel exceeds 200,000,000 a year!

That this astounding success was built initially on the sound principle that the less money you spend going places the more money you have to spend when you get there cannot be denied. Certainly the bus people do not wish to deny it, or to suggest that the principle does not still hold. Figures like these cannot lie:

New York to Boston, one way, \$2.95; round trip, \$5.35. Los Angeles to San Francisco, one way, \$5.15; round trip, \$9.30. Chicago to Minneapolis, one way, \$6; round trip, \$10.80. St. Louis to San Antonio, one way, \$14.50; round trip, \$26.10. Washington to Los Angeles, one way, \$39.15; round trip, \$70.50.

The busmen are very proud of these figures, and justly. Running your own car, they say, costs four and a half cents a mile, whereas riding a bus on a round-trip ticket costs only one and a half cents.

BUT don't let any one tell you that the only people who travel by bus do so for reasons of economy. A large section of the American public—and it isn't a latitudinal section as to income brackets—have become so thoroughly bus-conscious that it cannot be weaned away by any other form of travel.

For example, National Trailways, Inc., one of the largest of the independent motorbus companies, has a customer, a New York doctor with a large practice who used to spend his summers touring with his family in his chauffeur-driven car. Last year he decided to go by bus. He laid out \$2,000 for the trip, a lot of money for bus travel, which shows he wasn't trying to save pennies. The point is that he declares it was the best trip he ever took.

According to records of the National Safety Council, the average public bus is seven times as safe as

the average private car. The big intercity, cross-country bus is even safer. One line, which has won the Council's award for intercity buses every year that it has been offered, claims a fourteen-to-one superiority over the average private car in avoiding accidents, and points to an all-time high of 1,249,143 miles without even a scratched fender.

Naturally, the appointments of the individual buses vary. Supercoaches, however, have been so rapidly substituted for the ordinary kind in recent years as to become regular equipment on all principal schedules.

This modern highway liner is built of specially treated aluminum alloys which render it stronger and safer and at the same time infinitely lighter. The extra-long wheel base makes for smooth, easy riding.

INSIDE, the heavily upholstered individual reclining armchairs are designed primarily for passenger comfort; one of the four different positions, which each chair is capable of taking at the pressing of a button, is sure to fit any back or any mood. And the sturdy rubber footrests, adjustable to any old position, give just that amount of leg support or leg room which each passenger needs for ultimate comfort.

By day the light streams in through extra-size windows, but if it becomes too bright, there are Venetian-type pull-down shades to shut out the glare without shutting out the light. As evening comes on, a long tube of frosted glass, which runs down the middle of the ceiling and round the edges, bathes the coach with soft diffused light; and for reading, even after some of your neighbors have dozed off to sleep in their comfortable reclining bedchairs, there are individual reading lamps so designed as to throw light *only* on the pages of your book, and not in the other fellow's eyes.

By using the hold of the "ship" for heavy baggage only and thus creating additional ballast where it contributes most to safety and balance, and by raising the seating level, designers have been able to put the passengers where they belong—on the "upper deck." And from this easily accessible glass-enclosed deck, we are able to get, through wide clear windows on both sides and straight ahead, a close-up view of America's star attractions which has created a new era in sight-seeing.

And what do we see?

This amazing America, that's what we see—and what an eyeful it is!

We know about the big cities and the big resorts before we start. We may never have seen them, but we have probably read about them. But how many people know, for example, that 500 feet under the Ozark Mountains, at Bella Vista, Arkansas, 2,500 people can dine and dance in the world's largest underground night club, Wonderland Cave, once a hide-out for Jesse James? Or that Walden, Colorado, has a sort of ice-

cream well? But don't try to eat the ices it offers! What looks like lemon sherbet is really oil in frozen form.

There are places along the Mexican border where you can stay in one spot and still go from the United States to Mexico. Magic? Not at all—just the strange shiftings of the Rio Grande River, the international boundary line, whose changes are continually making United States soil Mexican and vice versa. There are places in Bryce Canyon, Utah, which are twelve miles wide, others where you can shake hands with your neighbor on the other side of the ravine—if you have the nerve!

Certainly I "didn't know till now"—or at least until just lately—that in Lilly Redwood Park, near Garberville, California, there's the tallest one-room house in the world, fifty feet high, with floor space twenty-one by twenty-seven feet, and walls built 4,000 years ago. It's inside a giant redwood tree. And I had never realized until last winter that when you stand on the sands of Death Valley in the same State of California, you are standing on the lowest spot in America, 300 feet below sea level—yet you can see the highest spot, the peak of Mount Whitney, 14,801 feet above you.

And did you know that the largest rosebush in the world is at Tombstone, Arizona, and that it covers 2,000 square feet? That the smallest church in the world, where two is company, three is literally a crowd—is at Covington, Kentucky?

We can know these things, and see them for ourselves, for all of these vacation thrills and many hundreds of others are situated on or near Greyhound and connecting routes.

NOW, we don't get to see all these wonders, or any considerable number of them, just by going out to the corner and thumbing a bus. Highway vacation trips have to be planned just as railway vacations are planned; and in many parts of the country the job can be done with the help of the same people. We have used the word Greyhound as sort of a symbol of high-class motorbus travel, because the system it denotes covers practically the entire United States and is known to practically every traveler and potential traveler. In many sections, however, high-grade motorbuses are owned and operated by the railroads themselves.

Information in regard to vacations on railroad-owned buses is always available through local railroad stations and often, in the larger cities, through centrally located offices and terminals exclusively for use of bus passengers.

Independently operated local bus lines frequently add a sectional tourist service to their regular city sight-seeing business. Some of these lines operate from more than one city. The Gray Line is a conspicuous nationally known example, and its California sight-seeing and vacation service out of San Francisco is a prime specimen of this type of serv-

ice. Sometimes, out of well known resorts, locally operated bus lines provide excellent facilities for seeing the surrounding country. The Brewster Transport service out of Banff is a notable representative of this type of vacation opportunity.

Most of the trips featured by these local concerns are of the escorted or expense-paid variety; and no discussion of this important field of vacation travel could be complete without mentioning National Trailways, Inc., of 185 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, whose system embraces nearly forty local and sectional trailway systems such as the Sante Fe Trailways, the Smoky Mountain Trailways, the Virginia Trailways, the Adirondack Trailways, the

There is another way to see America—on wings. Mr. Collins discusses it next week.

Yankee Trailways, and the Denver-Salt Lake-Pacific Trailways. Through these various co-operating companies, National not only covers the entire country, but runs escorted tours from Laredo to Mexico City, and over the border up Canada way.

An official of National Trailways tells me that an interesting and increasing feature of their business is the combination rail-and-bus tour. "For instance," he explains, "the New Yorker who wants to see the West may take a train—or a plane—to Denver and proceed leisurely by bus all through Colorado, New Mexico, and Nevada."

Determined to make its system as complete in service as it is in coverage, Greyhound has formed a special company of its own, Highway Tours, Inc., whose main offices are in the Greyhound Building in Cleveland, and whose tours of the expense-paid type vary in length and price.

For planning, starting, and conducting your own independent go-as-you-please bus vacation, the bus lines have evolved out of their experience a long list of helpful practical suggestions. Your local bus ticket agent can give you information. If your home city is not directly on a bus route, the ticket agent at the local bus terminal can arrange for you to make direct connections at the nearest point.

Round-trip and circle-tour tickets have a liberal return limit, often as long as six months. There is a saving of 10 per cent on round-trip tickets, and it is almost always possible to go one route and come back another.

Stopovers, with few exceptions, will be permitted at any point. Just tell the agent when you buy your ticket the places you wish to stop.

And if there is anything special you wish to know, don't hesitate to ask the bus companies or their agents, by mail or in person. It is to their interest to make your trip as comfortable and pleasurable and easily takable as possible—and they know how to do it!

THE END

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An Indignant Gentleman Writes a Poem



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FULTON OURSLER

about the principles involved in the great struggle between two basic concepts—a world in which the citizen is the slave of the state, which is the totalitarian idea, as opposed to the democratic conception of the state as an instrument of the people. In every way that he could serve, this man has tried to do his part, giving of his time, his money, and his thought; helping various organizations through which an individual can lend his strength to the good cause. Then one day this friend of ours read in a newspaper the following advertisement: "Your dog, your cat, or any other pet—get his or her horoscope. Send date of birth. Price \$1."

NOW, THIS FRIEND OF OURS loves animals. He contributes to such worthy movements as the S. P. C. A. and other groups organized to safeguard animals against inhumanity. He has dogs of his own. But when he read this advertisement, our friend became furious. In the white glow of indignation his thoughts flowed out in rhyme—and here they are:

London trembles, Dover quails,
Mars is rampant over Wales;
Deep in shelters children stare,
Murder rides the upper air.
Quell your terror, light a smoke,
Cast your dog a horoscope.

Führer threatens, Goebbels grins,
Göring chortles at his sins;
Hollander and Dane alike
Shudder through a lightless night.
Fiddle-faddle, there is hope—
Cast your pooch a horoscope.

Men are dying on the plain,
Ships give battle on the main;
Bombs descend with eerie scream,
Heroes sweat in submarine.
Chuck it all, the seers invoke
To cast your dog a horoscope.

Still the hammer, ope the pane,
Clip the pinions of the plane;
Pull the fuses from the shells,
Sound the tocsin, toll the bells.
Send a dollar, do not grope—
Buy your dog his horoscope.

The author of this fulmination will permit us to sign only his initials. They are L. G. P.

THERE WILL BE a great deal of entertainment, information, and inspiration in the next issue

IN THE MAIL this morning I found a letter from an indignant friend in the Middle West. This friend, who insists on remaining anonymous, is one who might be called a typical American. Like all the rest of us, he finds himself in the presence of a world tragedy. For a long time he has felt deeply

of Liberty. Especially I want to recommend the fiction—a short story called *The Bell that Sang for Love*, by Martha Ostenso; another short story, *I'll Never Leave You*, by Helen Sangster; and the new exciting installment of *Footloose!* by Grace Perkins. Other especially entertaining features are: *How Clark Gable Created a New Hedy Lamarr*, by Frederick Lewis; a softball article, by Jack Dempsey; and another fine travel article, this time about the air lines, by Frederick L. Collins. In more serious vein, *What Hitler Told Me About Peace*, by Otto Strasser, will certainly interest you, as will Walter Karig's piece, *Knudsen—Master Mechanic of Defense*; an article by Dorothy Rosenman on War and the Housing Problem; and Samuel Grafton's amazingly graphic comparison of English and American newspaper headlines, a journalistic parable in appeasement. These are outstanding features in a really exciting and alluring issue of what I hope is still your favorite magazine.

SALMAGUNDI:

Sometimes young authors lambaste me when their stories have to be sent back, but I have never taken a beating from an experienced author. They seem to have a more professional attitude toward their work. However, even the most seasoned professionals seldom write a letter so gracious as one written recently by a long-time mistress of the craft, Virginia Terhune Van de Water, who says: "This is strictly personal and absolutely unconventional. It is to say that I find it almost worth while to have a story returned when it is accompanied by such a gracious note as that just received from you. Even if a rejection is a bit like a pill that must be swallowed, it is nice to have it sugar-coated. Your letters of rejection make me feel as if they were bonbons." . . . And from Charles W. Raymond of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, Gonzales, Louisiana, the following: "I read with interest the letter from Mrs. John H. Maisch of Cincinnati, Ohio, regarding the word 'Salmagundi,' published in your issue of March 15. Unhappily I did not read the remarks referred to in her letter; but it came to me that, as a Cincinnati, she might be interested to know (if she does not already know it) that one Howard Saxby ran a column in either the Cincinnati Enquirer or the Commercial under the title of 'Saxby's Salmagundi.' This must have been some time from 1890 to 1900, as I remember it." . . . From Joseph Paluchak of 341 Daniel Street, Johnstown, Pennsylvania: "Just finished reading George E. Sokolsky's helping hand to your Salmagundi argument. Now I would like to come to the aid of 'Sok,' as you call him. First, let me quote a line of his generous offer of aid. 'Of course you know chop suey was invented by Li Hung Chang and originally consisted of icebox scraps. Goulash and bouillabaisse are all of the same character.' Now may I ask has 'Sok' ever eaten a dish of real goulash? The real dish is *not* made of icebox

scraps. Instead, it is made of a good cut of beef, a nice piece of pork, potatoes, paprika, salt, ground black pepper, a small onion, and a dash or two of cayenne or red pepper. The addition of various other vegetables depends upon personal taste. Ask any chef that knows how to prepare Hungarian dishes and see for yourself. Have prepared goulash numerous times myself, so I know whereof I speak. Would be glad to have 'Sok' drop around sometime and let him fill up on the real thing." . . . To those who are planning to vacation at Cape Cod or along the New England coast, I recommend a book called *In Great Waters*, by Jeremiah Digges, published by the Macmillan Company. It is about the seafaring Portuguese in New England waters and has many exciting tales to tell.



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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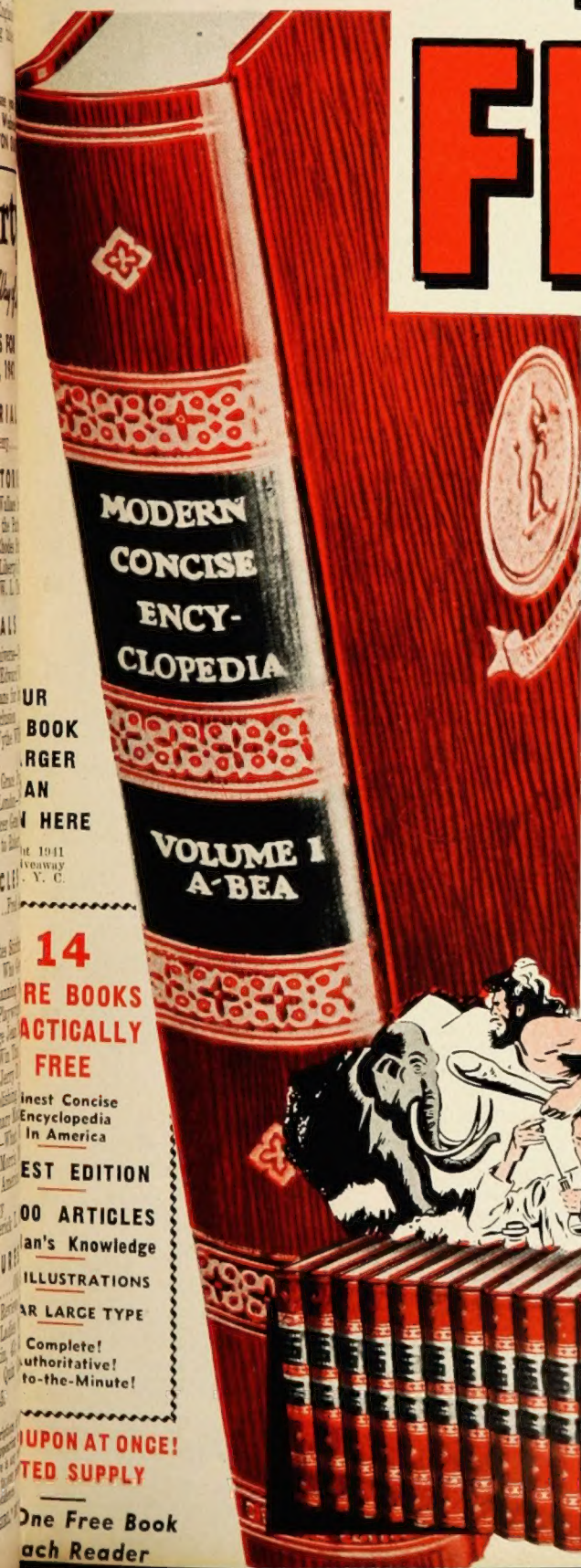
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largest-selling brands tested—
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ing to independent laboratory
tests of the smoke itself

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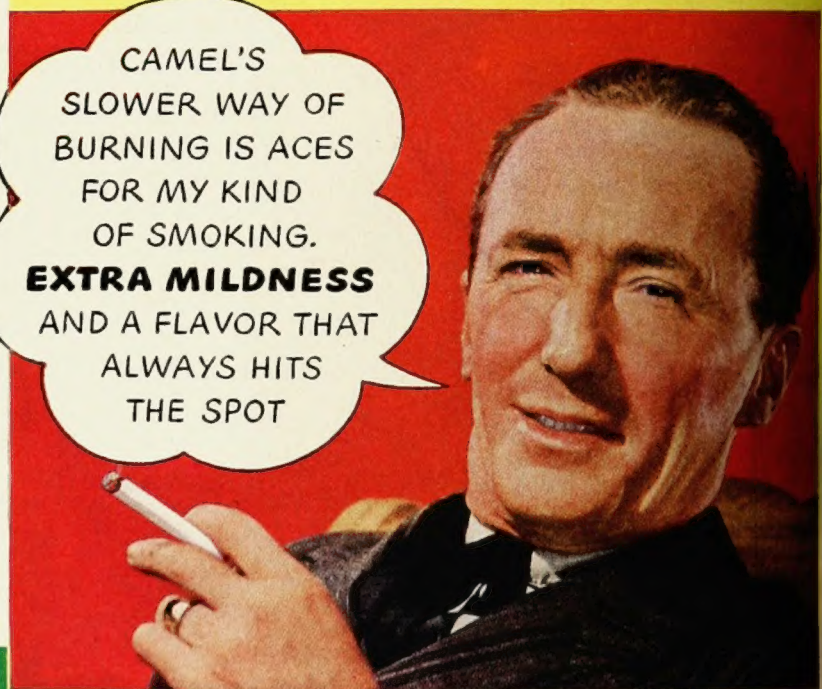
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sive “extras” in his smoking. He smokes Camels, of course. Only Camels
give you those “extras” of slower-burning costlier tobaccos.

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SLOWER WAY OF
BURNING IS ACES
FOR MY KIND
OF SMOKING.
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND A FLAVOR THAT
ALWAYS HITS
THE SPOT



“I’LL TELL YOU,” said Bob when he got his picture *taken* (above),
“I smoke a good bit in my job. And my cigarette has to be more than
mild—it has to be *extra* mild. Camel is the one brand I’ve found that
gives me extra mildness and at the same time a flavor that doesn’t
go flat on my taste.”

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